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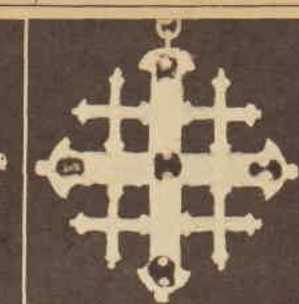
In Christian countries Easter morning services are held before the cross.



King Arthur's Cross.



Abyssinian Cross.



Crusader's Cross.

THE CROSS . . . historic symbol of Easter

THROUGHOUT the Christian world the cross is the focus of Easter ceremony and worship. This Easter, with death reaping the dread harvest of world war, Christians draw new strength from this symbol of the triumph of life.

From the dawn of civilisation the cross has been universally used as a religious emblem and ornament. Early Christians used it privately, but it was not till three centuries after the crucifixion that it was publicly adopted by the Emperor Constantine and became the acknowledged symbol of Christianity.

Heavenly vision

CONSTANTINE'S use of the cross is attributed to his vision, on the eve of his victory over Maxentius in 312, of a great cross in the sky with the words "In this sign, thou shalt conquer."

Its use spread swiftly through the world, for the crucifixion of Christ gave a new significance to an emblem which, in various forms, had been used down through the



SOLEMN: young, they sing an Easter hymn—the cross the symbol of their faith.

ages in both the old and new worlds.

On that simple emblem artists and craftsmen lavished their talents. No other single object has received such endless attention, and to-day there are hundreds of types of crosses and variations on their design.

The artists had two main forms to work on, the Roman cross, which has a long upright and a shorter cross-bar, and the Greek, which has upright and transverse bars of equal length.

Many of them added some significant feature to the design.

Some crosses were made with tiny lamps hanging from them, to indicate that the cross illumines the believer's way.

Rubies studding a cross tell of sacrificial blood, a sunburst means the Sun of Righteousness, a circle bespeaks eternity, a crown the promise of heaven.

Reminders of Calvary are seen in nails, spear points, the crown of thorns. Palm leaves in sets of three signify the Trinity and victory.

Crosslets in the four corners may refer to the four wounds of Christ.

Crusaders' badge

THE Crusades took their name from the cross worn as a badge by the knights, who swarmed east across Europe, and many Crusaders' crosses found in tombs in Palestine have an upright shaped like a crutch, meaning that the believer leaned on the cross for strength.

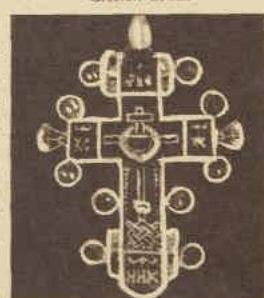
Some of the world's greatest cathedrals are built on ground plans that form a cross, and many orders of knighthood adopted the cross for their own emblem.

Nations display it in their flags. The Union Jack is made up of three crosses.

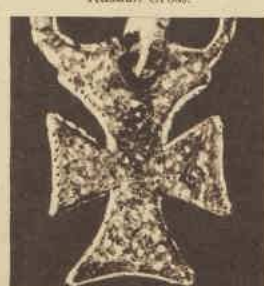
There are the English cross of St. George, a plain red cross on a white ground; the Scottish cross of St. Andrew, a plain diagonal white cross on a blue ground; and the Irish cross of St. Patrick, a plain diagonal red cross on a white ground.



Grecian Cross.



Russian Cross.



Another Crusader's Cross.

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



SIR GUY ROYLE

"Ginger" to Navy

AUSTRALIA'S new First Naval Member, Vice-Admiral Sir Guy Royle, is known to the Royal Navy as "Ginger" because of his hair and his record of having "gingered up" every ship in which he was commissioned. He first flew his flag as Vice-Admiral in the Ark Royal. Is an authority on naval aviation.



MISS K. PRENDERGAST

really sick

BLITZKRIEG life in England for Miss Kathleen Prendergast, of Melbourne. Medical student at Cambridge, and head of an ambulance post. "Night shifts in term time, day shifts during vacation. I'm getting really sick at getting to the post when the siren goes . . . do it in three minutes," she writes.

Went to Cambridge after taking her B.Sc. degree at Perth University. Won the 1851 Crystal Palace Scholarship . . . rarely awarded to a woman.



DR. F. ALEXANDER

under understanding

AFTER the war Australians and Americans should continue to be aware of their responsibilities in the Pacific, is the opinion of Dr. F. Alexander, Professor of History at Perth University, recently returned from U.S.A., where he was attached to the Australian Legation in Washington. Foundations for a wider understanding between the two countries could be laid in the schools and universities.



Make this story your own

Somewhere every woman is the power to play the heroine in some love story of her own. Breath-taking beauty is not so important as to know how to fascinate and appear well-groomed with, above all, an attractive skin. Fortunately there is the girl who has Erasmic Face Powder to bring her complexion to perfection. Only in the heart of a rose will you match such velvet softness. Only in the depths of a garden at close of day will you find a fragrance so delicate and appealing . . .



ERASMIC face powder

RACHEL REACH, BRUNETTE, SUNTAN AND NATURAL

ERASMIC CREAM (VANISHING AND COLD), 1/1 TUBE

E.9.27

Kitty Foyle

Our serial . . . the year's most
challenging and provocative story

9 APR 1941

THIS story, written in unusual retrospective style, presents the reminiscences of quaint, human and lovable

KITTY FOYLE. She reviews her life from her childhood when, in her humble Philadelphia home, she was housekeeping with the help of

MYRIE, the faithful colored servant, for

POP, her adored father, and **MAC,** one of her brothers; while throughout her reminiscences run references to

WYNWOOD STRAFFORD, son and heir of one of Philadelphia's most exclusive families, and later the most vital and compelling influence in her life.

Now read on.

THE Front Room of our home at Grisco Street was sterile. Even the cat didn't go in there much. I respected it, and knew it was important, but it never came to life for me until the day Wyn first called. Some committee was getting up that History of Cricket and Wyn was sent round to talk to the old man. It's funny how little one remembers.

All I can see is an attractive suit in a stylish new kind of shade, and the loveliest deep maroon woollen socks. Nothing about Wyn ever pleased me more than his socks. He has a particularly attractive way of putting one leg over the other. Of course, they're pretty long legs, but his foot always seems to hang down more gracefully than most men's.

I don't know why, but that's usually the mark of a gentleman; their legs fold over more neatly, don't bulge and stick out. Wyn thought I was kidding when I told him how much I liked this, and I had to be careful not to make him self-conscious. If I told him too plainly I liked a thing he'd get shy about doing it, for fear I'd think he was doing it just because he knew I liked it.

What made that first meeting a success was the fire in the waste-basket. Pop and Wyn were going through a whole mass of old score-books and clippings, chucking away what they didn't want. Pop shouted to me to bring the big peach-basket from the kitchen. I was introduced, of course, but it didn't mean anything, just some more nonsense about cricket. I'd been away in the Middle West for years, and forgotten that cricket existed. Also, I'd just nursed Pop all winter and got him through that first stroke, and I didn't want him to get too lively and run up his blood pressure.

"Don't you get my father excited," I warned him.

"I'm the quietest fellow in the world," he says. "I never get anyone excited."

I was in the back yard sewing; it was a hot spring afternoon, and I don't believe there was a thing on my mind but hoping the visitor would clear out in time for me to rattle round in the kitchen and fix Pop's supper. I could hear them

talking, and I was pleased, because the old man was happy. Then in their conversation Pop started throwing dead matches into the waste-basket. To make sure they weren't burning, he leaned over to look, and without his noticing it some of his pipe ashes fell in. A few minutes later the basket blazed up. I heard the old man let out one of his profane yells. I ran in and met Wyn in the passage looking embarrassed and holding the blazing waste-paper basket.

"I'm afraid we've made a mess," he said. There's no one ever lived who can apologise more charmingly. It's really worth while for Wyn to do something wrong just to watch him ask pardon for it. Sometimes I've wondered if he knew that.

He had tried to put out the blaze by pouring on it the whole jug of iced tea. So I made more tea, and they asked me to come and help them drink it.

That was Saturday, the 25th of May, 1929, and the first day I ever took cricket seriously.

What an adventure, going to Illinois at the age of thirteen. I'd never been anywhere outside Philly, except a few trips down to the Jersey shore. The old man and Mac took me over to North Philadelphia station to get aboard the Limited; I always think of it whenever I see that high, windy platform. It was a scorching hot evening in late summer and a thunderstorm in the air. We had supper in the station restaurant, a big adventure for me, and they let me order whatever I wanted—in mostly ice cream and lemonade. The old man had given me the most complete instructions about everything, how to get undressed in a Pullman berth, what to tip the porter, and Uncle Elmer and Aunt Hattie would meet me at the depot in Chicago.

The thunderstorm broke just as the train was coming in, and the last I saw of Pop and Mac they were scooting for shelter in one of those little glass waiting-rooms.

Dear old Pop, when he most wanted to show his feelings he always looked fierce and he seemed to be glaring at me through the window as though he was sore as a goat about something.

I got off the train at last. They hustled me into the lunch room before we took the train to Manitou. The importance of having two railroad station meals in succession made me forget my homesickness.

I got a little bored when I think about Aunt Hattie and Uncle Elmer, which is certainly ungrateful. They always knew all the unimportant things that were going on and very few of the important.

Now I'm thinking what I think now, not what I thought then. All I thought then, for a while, was terrible homesickness. I guess Uncle and Auntie found me difficult at first.

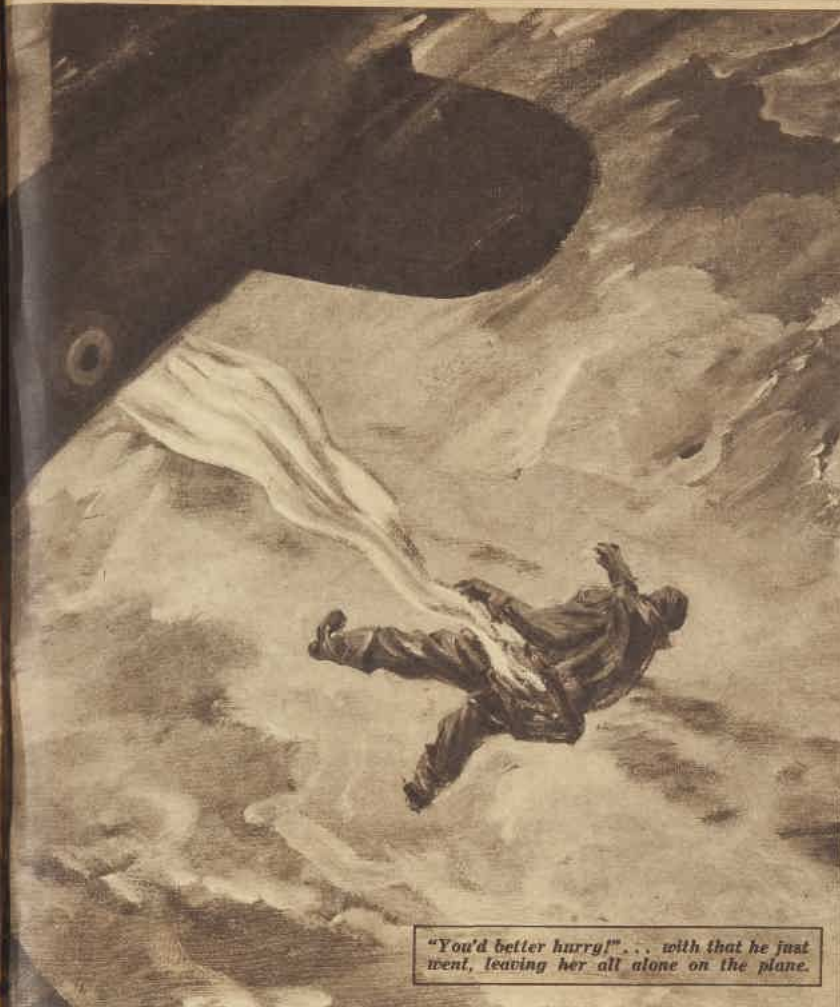
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"I'm afraid we've made a mess," said Wyn, the blazing waste-paper basket in his hand.



JOHN SANTRY

With that he just went, leaving her all alone on the plane that sank away like a small boat in an uneasy sea. He disappeared from her sight, and allence too horrible to bear wrapped itself about her and choked her. The terror of it was worse than any other terror. She



"You'd better hurry!"... with that he just went, leaving her all alone on the plane.

Devil

whether the swaying machine dislodged her.

It was like falling through cold fluff. Without any instructions from her numbed brain, her fingers jerked the parachute cord, and it billowed wide, gathering grey cloud and snow in its embrace, jerking her into the harness. After that, it was strangely pleasant.

"If I fall into the sea," she thought, and felt sick. "No, I'm not brave," she thought. "But then, neither is Maurice. He left me. Just left me to manage as best I could. He did not even wait to see if I went safely."

She hung, swinging in the harness, with little control over her seas. Like a child's toy, swinging backwards and forwards. She tried to peer through the fog and the driving snow, but she could see nothing.

Until suddenly, from nowhere, the earth came up and hit her a whack that sent her spinning. Sent her staggering through drifted snow, till she fell backwards on to something wet and prickly.

She lay for a while, dizzy and shivering, the parachute collapsed on the ground beside her. She was sitting in the middle of a thick shrubbery, half buried in snow.

She was so thankful to be on land again that for a little while she could only sit, holding her head in her hands.

Then she got to her feet, staggering a little, and unbuttoned the harness of the parachute. The nausea and the breathlessness passed. The thing now was to find out where she was.

She listened, half hoping to hear Maurice hailing her, or the sound of his struggles farther up the

shrubbery. There was nothing. The world was so still it might have been a dead world. And as she stood listening, peering through the darkness, it came to her what a nice fix she was in. Even when it became known Maurice had crashed his plane, no one had any idea she was in it. Maurice was the only one who could tell, and he probably wouldn't. She had no further delusions about Maurice and his "bravery."

"I've simply disappeared off the earth," she thought. One read of people disappearing, and wondered how it could possibly happen.

As her eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, she saw she was in a garden, and walking on, she came suddenly upon a house.

SHE stumbled towards the front door, and was about to tug at the bell when some unacknowledged sense whispered to her, counselling caution.

A row of thick bushes bordered the house, and through them a chink of light shone from a half-opened window. Ava moved softly, parted the bushes, and looked in.

There was a woman there, and two men. One was tall and fair, with a little golden beard. The other was short and dark. The clock face, peering between them, looked like a fourth person.

Again Ava was about to call out, relieved beyond everything at having come down safely among real people. And again that little something checked her, holding her back, and she did not know what it was, or why, until she saw that the woman was bound.

She stood with her back to the

wall, her bound hands behind her, her head held high. Not a young woman, but beautiful, grey softly powdering her hair. A handkerchief lay on the floor beside her, as if until recently she had been gagged with it.

The fair man was speaking with a foreign accent.

"So you see, you won't gain anything by being obstinate. You are his secretary. You know very well where he has this blueprint. You must tell us. What else can you do?"

Like a dingy echo the little dark man said:

"What can you do? Hein? Here you are, miles from anywhere. The gates are locked. The walls are too high to climb, even if anyone thought of looking for you here, and why should anyone think of looking for you here? Here, in an empty house that has been so for years—most conveniently far us. Even if you could get out of this room you have no ladder and you could not get over the wall without a ladder!"

The dark little man leaned forward.

"No. You haven't any ladder at all," he said happily. "But if you tell us, now, where it is, this print that we want, then we let you out of the front door. With honor. And who is to know where the tidings have come from? The trusted lady secretary of many years' standing going home for a holiday, who would suspect her, now?"

The woman said nothing at all. She just swallowed, and looked at them proudly, remaining mute.

"The telephone here is not working. It is ten miles to Barstowe. And if you do not—co-operate—naturally we cannot leave you here to give information against us as to which paper it is we want, and how we depart. There will be nothing to do but make the plan so that you cannot talk. Your car waiting on the road in the wood outside the gate is the only clue to your whereabouts, and that would be seen to. The lake here is, I believe, deep. Very deep," the dark man said.

The fair man yawned suddenly. Yawned and stretched himself.

"Maybe with morning reason will

Real bravery was not enough, for pretty Ava was far more impressed by recklessness.

come. Fasten up the rope, again, shortly. We will leave the lady to her thoughts until morning. In the morning everything always looks a little different."

The dingy man shut the window down with a crash and pushed the shutters quite to. Ava was shut out in the silence again.

She stood, melted snow from the shrubbery trickling unheeded down her neck, her lips and mouth parched and dry. Had she really overheard that—or was she sitting again in the pictures with Kit? Only for a moment she hesitated. Then she ran back to the shrubbery. Fear, instead of paralyzing her, gave her new strength.

She had until morning. The pale clock face in the room had pointed to midnight. Barstowe was only ten miles off.

There was no ladder, but it did not matter. She had thought of something. Stumbling through the darkness, she dragged the parachute and its harness close to the wall. Then she threw the rope up into a tree, and climbed up, and made it fast, and threw it out across the wall into the roadway.

If she had been a coward before, she wasn't now. They had spoken of a car, parked in a wood by the park gates. She ran, stumbling in the darkness, feeling her way about until she found it.

She released the brakes, and let the car roll gently down the bank and on to the road, as far from the house as it would go, for fear of attracting attention by the starting-up of the engine.

Now she was tearing through the night.

It was one in the morning before she reached Barstowe. She drew up, bewildered and lost, with no idea what to do.

The friendly form of a telephone call-box showed just ahead of her in the darkened village street. She ran to it, trying to count how much time she had. Till dawn, they had said. Frantically, she called Kit.

His voice reached her, sleepy and surprised.

"Daring—is anything wrong? I didn't get back till ten, or I'd have come round."

"I'm not at home. I'm in Barstowe. Kit. And you've got to come. At once! Do you hear?"

His voice changed, its sleepy note gone.

"Are you all right?"

"Yes. It's not anything like that. It's only—oh, Kit, how long will you be?"

He said, without any hesitation:

"Not more than twenty minutes. No, of course I won't motor. I'll fly. There's a landing ground at the back of the town—the cricket field. Meet me there."

She had no time to say anything more. He rang off. She drove through the darkness to the cricket field, and waited. In that little waiting time she had leisure to think. Kit, who would not risk anything, willingly, for the fun of the thing, would risk everything if he thought she was in danger. And Maurice, who would risk anything for a lark, hadn't even waited to see she was all right.

It seemed hours before Kit jumped down from the plane. He caught her to him with a gasp of relief.

"Ava, you're safe. But what on earth?"


There was so much to explain, and so little time, but once Kit had the rudiments of the story it was quite simple. He knew what to do. He went straight to the police station. It was dead, and still, with only a sleepy country constable owl-eyed at his desk. But it soon awoke. Men came clattering downstairs. The quiet of the country town was roused for a space with the sound of cars rushing down the main street.

Ava and Kit sat in the back of one of the cars. There was a little space for talk, then, and they sat hand in hand.

"The officer says they know these two men. They had been warned to look out for them. It was an amazing business your coming down just there. No, Maurice never mentioned you'd been up with him. He said he'd crashed his plane, and landed in a field, and got a lift home. I'm going to have a word with Mr. Maurice," he said, grimly.

"No, Kit. Don't. It was my fault. And as a matter of fact, I am very grateful to Maurice for showing me in time—what that sort of courage is worth."

Please turn to page 8



Mystery & Magnetism

Perfume, because of its femininity and because of its instant and impelling reflex action on men, is the most deadly weapon in the armoury of women.

That is why even the most beautiful and magnetic women choose and use perfume with the greatest care.

In the great Coty range there is a perfume for every type, and no matter how modest your purse, any one of these truly great perfumes is within your reach—the small size at 5/3 will last you quite a long time.

Coty

Going to Grandfather

Romantic short story by

MARGERIE SCOTT

WHAT Grandpa had actually done Tessa never knew. That he had been wild and free and happy she was sure. That he had eventually, after thirty years of respectability, left the drab city of his birth and gone to live elsewhere was a matter of family history.

But that wouldn't have mattered so much except that he had left Grandma behind him, and Grandma had died of it. Or, at any rate, of it and appendicitis.

Tessa was the only child of Grandpa's eldest daughter, Maud, and she had suffered all her life from her mother's dread of something known as "Grandpa coming out in you."

It was Grandpa coming out in her when Tessa didn't want to go to school on summer mornings, and when she wanted to go to the circus two days running.

When, later on, she took to going to tea at the Thistle Hotel on Saturday afternoons, and coming home with a dreamy and far-away look on her face, the family were sure that the worst had happened. The worst being that Grandpa had really come out in Tessa.

The young man who sang with the band at the Thistle Hotel on Saturdays was tall and slim and fair. His eyes were very blue and his hair very curly.

He was also quite irresistible to the younger feminine members of the city's population. Tessa listened to him at the hotel, and sang his songs, slightly off-key, at home.

"What I'm going to do," her mother confided to her sister Gertrude, "if Tessa doesn't stop mooning about this fellow at the Thistle, I'm sure I don't know. She's always been much too much like Father for my liking."

GRANDPA'S youngest daughter, Gertrude, was no exception to the rule that old maids' children are the best brought up. She said: "Let me talk to her, Maud. If she wants to go to that place this afternoon, leave her to me."

Tessa did want to go. She came downstairs with her hat and coat on, and laughter in her eyes.

"Bye-bye, everyone," she said, at the sitting-room door, "I'm going out for a bit."

"Tessa," Aunt Gertrude said firmly, "we've had enough of this nonsense. Sit down and have your tea at home like a sensible girl."

"But, Auntie, I promised Derek faithfully I'd be there to-day. He's going to sing a new number called 'Waiting For You.'"

"Well," said Aunt Gertrude, "let him wait. Who is this Derek? I've never heard of him."

"His name is Derek Garfield, Auntie. He sings beautifully. He says he'll be asked to go to London soon."

"When your Aunt Gertrude and I were your age," Tessa's mother said tartly, "we had something better to do than go off in the middle of the day just to hear a man sing through his nose."

"Derek doesn't sing through his nose. Mother! He's got a lovely voice. You just don't understand."

"Well, I understand this much."

Mrs. Marlowe's patience snapped. "You're not hanging round that hotel this afternoon. You'll just stay at home and have your tea with your auntie and me."

Tessa stared at her mother in stormy silence. She had a way of



Illustrated by CARL SHREVE

"This book's more interesting than supper," said Tessa soulfully.

lifting her chin and drawing up her fine eyebrows which reminded her elders and betters most uncomfortably of Grandpa.

"I'm eighteen," she said, "and I'm not going to be told I can't go out when I want to. I'm going, and I'm going now. So there."

She regretted the last two words the moment she had banged the front door, for the gesture, while satisfactorily dramatic, was less dignified than she could have wished.

The Thistle Hotel had never seemed so gay, the band so full of rhythm, the voice of Derek Garfield so alluring. He came to the table where Tessa sat with two other girls, and singled her out to talk to.

When at last the afternoon was over, she let herself into the house with her eyes like stars, and a flush of excitement on her cheeks.

She hummed a bit of "Waiting for You" as she looked into the dining-room upon her family gathered round the table.

"Come in and shut the door," her mother said, "there's a draught. And are you ready to apologise?"

"She looks very flushed, Maud," Gertrude Morley observed. "Got too hot and taken a chill. I shouldn't wonder."

"Been down to the Thistle again, I suppose?" her father asked. "Hang-

ing round that young man who's no good. Well, there's going to be an end put to that."

Tessa stood looking from one to the other of them. They were eating cold ham and pickles as if their lives depended on it, and they were stripping from her, bit by bit, all the golden haze of happiness in which she had wrapped herself. With a sigh, she threw off her hat and coat, and, sinking into a chair, buried herself in her favorite book.

It rejoiced in the title of "Life Begins at 20," and was Tessa's constant refuge in distress.

"Come and have your supper," her mother said.

IDON'T want any," she said soulfully. "This book's more interesting than supper."

"None of that, now! No sulks!" Her father waved his fork at her.

"Perhaps," Aunt Gertrude suggested, "she gets better food at the Thistle."

"Yes, I do! And better company, too."

Aunt Gertrude rose.

"I've been insulted, Maud," she said with dignity. "I shall go to my room."

"You needn't," Tessa retorted. "I'm going to mine. And I'm going away

from here. I can't bear it any longer. I'm—I'm going to Grandpa."

She was as surprised as they were at a decision which had found voice almost before it had found form, but once made nothing could move her from it, and she left the house in the teeth of her father's rage and her mother's tears.

Tessa found herself in the chill dreariness of the station with nearly an hour to wait and ten shillings in her bag. It seemed very little.

She realised that the train would not get to the junction until nearly midnight, and then goodness knew how she would get to the village where Grandpa lived his gay, free, reckless life.

When the train came in, she got into it in tears, a forlorn little figure in a blue coat and hat.

During the journey her spirits rose a little. This was what Grandpa himself had done. He at least would understand and approve.

She stepped from the train quite cheerfully, and went along to have a word with the stationmaster, who proved to be friendly and consented to transport Tessa and her small suitcase to Merton.

At the little white cottage on the edge of the churchyard he stopped his car.

"Well, there you are, Miss. Light's

still on—but then, old Joe Morley never does keep decent hours. Good-night to you."

Tessa said good-night and thanked him, and walked slowly up the path to the cottage, her courage waning with every step. She lifted the knocker and let it fall at once in her nervousness, so that it gave one loud and startling bang. It was answered by a voice with the burr of the North Country still in it.

"Come in, come in, don't stand hawking out there."

Tessa turned the knob and walked into a big warm room, bright with lamplight. A very untidy old man was sitting in a big chair by the fire, his stockinged feet on a stool. Several dogs got up and came lazily towards her.

"Shut the door," said the old man without turning round. "The whisky's here, help yourself. I've got a start on you, but you'll soon catch me up." He bent to knock out his pipe on the hearth.

Tessa shut the door and said timidly:

"H-hallo, Grandpa!"

He whipped round with a suddenness that made her jump, and sat looking her up and down.

"I thought you were someone else," he said. "Now who might you be?"

"I'm Tessa Marlowe, Grandpa."

Please turn to page 12

Tour of **Five pages of A.I.F. pictures and stories** **Malaya:**



DIGGERS in Malaya make the acquaintance of a Malayan brown bear, one of the hunting trophies of their Chinese host.



A TOAST for Adele Shelton Smith, Australian Women's Weekly correspondent, from A.I.F. boys at a cabaret "Somewhere in Malaya."

I lunch with General; talk with boys in jungle training

By cable from

ADELE SHELTON SMITH

I have just lunched with Major-General Gordon Bennett, General Officer Commanding the A.I.F. in Malaya, and his senior officers, and was proud to know I was the first woman to eat in the mess.

I talked to the General at Headquarters, which are in a modern school with a lovely background of hills. "You can tell the women of Australia that there is no need to worry about their boys," he said. "They are happy, healthy, and well looked after."

MAJOR-GENERAL GORDON BENNETT invited us to lunch at the bungalow which he shares with senior officers. As we drove out past the sentry, Chinese and Malay kids also saluted, and called out, "Hullo, Jo. Whacko!"

We drove along a leafy winding road to a house with lovely tropical gardens and wide balconies.

In the emergency of unexpected guests the Chinese cook had converted bully beef into an ornamental and flavoured pie.

"In case the women are worrying about the temptations here, assure them that the men are behaving not only well, but even better than at home, and better than any other troops here," said Major-General Bennett.

"Mails are arriving fairly well, but newspapers are badly needed, for the bond of home tightens the farther the men are away."

"We made a special request to some Englishwomen to run a club, because the boys wanted to talk to white women."

"In two days these women, including a number of Australians, converted a theatre into a club."

"Women who never do a tap of work in their own homes, because of large teams of servants, roll up their sleeves, cook, and wait on the boys."

"It is a wonderful effort. The boys not only like the food, the cool drinks, reading the papers, and playing table games, but they love to be able to talk of their own homes, their families or their girl friends."

"I believe the Englishwomen were astonished at the boys liking poached eggs so much. One man ordered six!"

"We are all fit. I myself have put on a stone."

"The boys are drinking more soft drinks and less beer. Because of the heat salt is put in the drinking water."



MAJOR-GENERAL GORDON BENNETT, G.O.C. A.I.F. in Malaya, at his headquarters. The General entertained Adele Shelton Smith at lunch in officers' mess.



JUNGLE manoeuvres don't worry our boys. Dripping from the heat at the end of a day's training, they noisily welcome our cameraman.

faces and their clothes sticking.

But they were noisy and cheerful, with Chinese, Malay and Tamil children waiting for them, calling "Hullo, Uncle."

An Indian ice-cream man, whose product is judged A.I.F. standard by the Medical Officer, did a brisk trade. Then the boys dashed off to showers behind nipah palm shelters.

The showers are more than adequate, about one to two men.

In cool classrooms and in huts open at both ends, they sleep on stretchers, with sheets and pillowcases which are changed weekly, and mosquito nets.

"The nets are hardly necessary, as there are no mosquitoes, but these stop friendly little lizards running on to us," they told me.

Pigeons—orchids

THE boys are becoming naturalists.

They told me about plants and pigeons and orchids. The Vanda Joaquim orchid is a wildflower here, but costs a guinea apiece at home.

They are very impressed by the night-blooming moonflower which has bloomed since their arrival. The locals believe that is a lucky omen, for it means "Friendship."

A Coogee warrant-officer said: "There are snails like ice-cream cones and scorpions like small lobsters. Everything is huge in this country, including the hospitality."

The boys have killed large snakes, some of glorious colors. A few have been chased by wild boars, but have not yet seen a tiger.

One colonel has seen a panther, and General Bennett has had a wild cheetah in his kitchen garden.

The boys are blasé about orang-outangs and spider monkey, but a young private gave me a vivid description of jungle training:

"Six miles in the jungle is like 12 miles in Australia—through rubber trees 12 feet apart, with drainage ditches crossing at regular intervals," he said.

Continued on page 8



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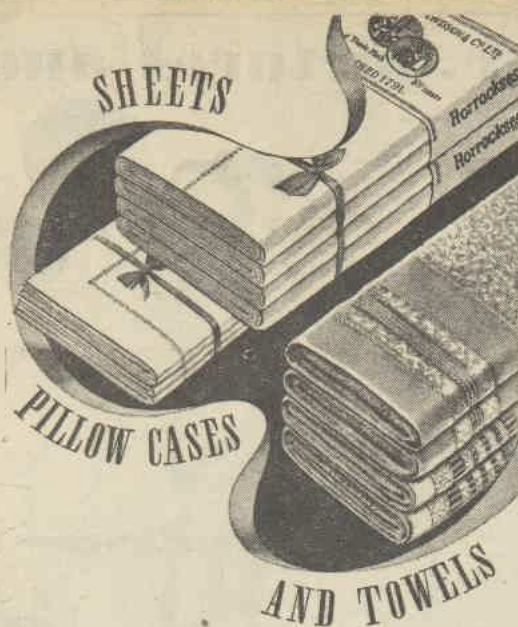
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THEY FIT...AND
THE PATTERNS
ARE SMARTER

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ADELE SHELTON SMITH, of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, is the only woman correspondent sent from Australia to Malaya. She is fully accredited by the Commonwealth Government, and she took with her special letters from the Minister for Information, the Minister for the Navy, the Minister for the Army, and the Minister for the Air. No other paper in Australia has sent a woman reporter to the East to get first-hand news of the A.I.F. there, and this is the first time in the history of Australian journalism that a woman has been given such an important assignment.



Freshly laundered sheets and pillowcases, durable and gleaming white.

Towels—white, in lovely pastel shades—bordered, or striped, all newly washed and ready for use—what a joy for the houseproud woman to behold, and with what pride she will display their tab "Horrockses Make."

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BEFORE BEDTIME START DRIVING OUT BRONCHITIS

SLEEP SOUND ALL NIGHT

Enjoy a coughless night—sleep sound and awake refreshed—just be wise enough to take 2 or 3 doses of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture before you go to bed. For bronchial coughs—for tough, old persistent coughs, take a few doses of Buckley's—soon feel as good as ever again. This powerful, triple-acting treatment—by far the largest selling cough medicine in all of blizzardily cold Canada.

The most swift, positive remedy you can get! It "acts like a flash"—and it's acid by all chemists and stores. A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney



MANY of the Australian troops are making the acquaintance of the "Dutch Wife" when spending leave at the homes of local people. The "Dutch Wife" is a bolster used to absorb perspiration while sleeping.

Our correspondent with A.I.F. in Malaya

Continued from page 7

WE jump these wearing full battledress, and our tin hats get so hot you can't touch them.

"Recent manoeuvres by night in the jungle were eerie and unforgettable."

"We cut an area clear and raked the undergrowth to make sure there were no scorpions underneath the rotting vegetation."

"It was phosphorescent when we went to bed as if we were sleeping on a silver floor."

"The jungle is filled with queer sounds and stealthy movements, but we get accustomed to it."

"We hang mosquito nets on sticks like tents. Then when we get inside we make sure there are no insects for company, tuck the net under the ground-sheet, and are soon asleep."

Not-so-still night

A CAPTAIN told me one of the best stories I've heard so far.

They had bivouacked in the jungle. The last cigarette had been smoked. The last joke had been told. It was perfectly still.

Suddenly there was splitting thunder, searing lightning, and buckets of rain.

The captain lay miserably in the rain. Then he saw a crouching figure wrapped in a ground-sheet nearby.

It was the Major, singing happily to himself, "Still Night, Holy Night."

After lunch I toured during the "rest" period. It sounded like a noisy school at playtime. . . . Laughter, running feet, and the clink of canteens.

Back to work at 4.30, the boys dragging on their shirts as they came out carrying pieces of guns, etc. There was the roar of transport engines, the clank of gun-carriers.

The whole town turns out for the changing of the guard at 6.15.

Dare Devil

Continued from page 5

THEY stopped in the snowy road beyond the little wood, and Ava acting as guide found the rope still hanging over the wall. Five stalwart constables and the officer in charge climbed noiselessly over it. The house was in darkness. Following her own tracks through the snow, Ava found the window she had looked through earlier.

Noisily they pried it open, unfasted the shutter, and entered the room. A candle burning low showed the woman huddled in a chair. One of them cut her wrists free, another held a flask to her lips. A guard was posted on the door and window. But in that silent house nobody stirred.

Noisily, the woman told her story.

"I am employed at the Foreign Office. They must have had me tracked, for they waylaid me on my way home for a holiday and brought me to this empty house. . . . I am a private secretary, and have access to very confidential documents. It was a certain blueprint they wanted. A copy of some changed regulations."

She shivered.

"They are upstairs, asleep. They are coming down at dawn."

"Well," said the sergeant, lovingly

fingering his revolver and grinning at his companions, "I'll say that they'll get a real nice surprise."

"We'll take her back to Barrabarra," said Kit.

A constable accompanied them till they were clear of the place. The fog had lifted. A quiet moon shone over the white fields. In the back of the car, wrapped in rugs, the woman slept.

"We'll drop her, then I'll fly you back," said Kit.

Ava caught her breath.

"No, Kit. . . . I won't let you. . . . At night it's even worse for you. And, anyway, now I know it's silly to break orders."

"It's silly to break 'em for fun," said Kit. "This is different. I haven't a car here, and I don't want you hanging about in the cold. I'm ready to be a dare-devil, if it's for a good reason."

"But, Kit, if you're found out?"

He grinned, looking down at her for a moment, his teeth very white in the darkness.

"Shan't wait to be found out," said Kit. "First thing to-morrow I go to the Wing-Commander and tell him the whole thing."

(Copyright)

what's the **BIG** idea of all the little 'extras' built into Philips Radioplayers

EVERYTHING'S important to Philips radio engineers. That's why you find numbers of little improvements as well as the big features of Tone Compensation, Frequency Stabilisation, Legitimate Tuning, etc. They all add up to outstanding performance—glorious tone of any volume, short-wave reception which never fails to interest, and DEPENDABILITY. Quality is the basis of every Philips product—there are millions of users to prove it.

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"It Beats the Band"

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Heals Eczema in Seven Days

Here is a scientist's wonderful prescription now dispensed by chemists at trifling cost, that will do more towards helping you get rid of unsightly spots from skin disease than anything you've ever used.

Not only is this great oil antiseptic but it promotes rapid and healthy healing in eczema spots and sores. The itching of eczema is instantly stopped; the eruptions dry up and scale off in a very few days. The same is true of barber's itch, salt rheum, and other irritating and unsightly skin troubles.

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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calumel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stomach refuses anything else.



CHINESE "TAXI DANCERS" are partners for the A.I.F. boys. The girls do not join the parties but return to their own tables.



AUSSIE HEADGEAR. This dancer smilingly agreed to remain with The Australian Women's Weekly party to pose for a special picture.



THERE IS LOTS of talent among the troops, who often assist with the cabaret programmes. Cecil Richardson, of Maroubra, sings "If You Were The Only Girl In The World." Soldier turns win tremendous applause from the audience.

A.I.F. are known as the "tid apa" boys

WE found at the first camp location we visited that the "tid apa" boys have adopted the town as thoroughly as the town has adopted them.

The children have learned to greet them with "Hullo, Jo," and everywhere they are followed by charming, button-eyed, satin-skinned Chinese infants and slender, dreamy-faced Malays.

The rickshaw men are making comparative fortunes, but they have to work hard. There are frequent rickshaw races, with two hefty Aus-

"Why worry" Diggers have won the hearts of Malaya

By Cable from ADELE SHELTON SMITH

The A.I.F. has been in Malaya for only a few weeks, but already they have been given a nick-name.

The local inhabitants call them the "tid apa" boys. "Tid apa" means "why bother" or "why worry," in much the same sense as "san fairy on," which the old Diggers brought back from France.

trallians in each rickshaw urging the runner on.

But as compensation the runner is often given a ride in his own rickshaw, with an A.I.F. man doing the work.

The boys are still a bit dazzled by all the color around them—the brilliant greens of coconut palms, banana palms, and the huge plantations of rubber trees; the shops and houses painted strawberry-pink, acid-green, sapphire-blue, and the brilliant traditional costumes of Chinese, Malays, Sikhs, and Indians.

They have been shopping enthusiastically—buying beautiful embroidered Chinese coats, underwear, crocheted jumpers, bangles, pewter-ware, and Malacca canes to send home. When they are a bit at sea about clothing or materials for their girl friends, one or two Englishwomen who assist at the counters help them make selections.

One of the favorite pastimes is to say to a Malay, "Apa nama ini?" which means "What is the name of this?" The Malay, thinking they speak his language, goes into long explanations, waving his arms and gesticulating much to the amusement of his audience.

The boys get plenty of leave—every evening and a full day on Sunday. Several of the units have formed their own amateur bands. One unit has a band of one violin, two pianos, and a saxophonist who is considered the star turn, as he smokes while he is playing.

In another unit Syd. Forster, Brisbane, Tom Jacob, Maryborough (Qld.), Syd. Batt, Thornbury (Vic.),

Harry Stewart (Vic.) and Staff-Sergeant Brett, of Queensland, have formed a mouth-organ band.

I went on a sight-seeing tour with some of the boys on Sunday morning and they were all very excited when a Chinese wedding party drove past.

First came a motor lorry with a brass band aboard playing lively tunes, then a string of cars carrying the bridal party—the bride a lovely picture with a tall head-dress of white flowers.

Mr. Ong Koon Tiang, whose doorstep we stood on to watch the procession, invited us in for refreshments.

Our A.I.F. companions looked like giants, sitting on delicate carved chairs inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

Mr. Ong was a bridegroom himself only a few months ago, and showed us photographs of himself and his bride resplendent in traditional bridal array.

He showed also two of his most treasured possessions—beautifully carved wall plaques of the faces of Edward VII and Queen Alexandra.

In the afternoon we were invited to a millionaire's seaside home, where there is an open invitation to the A.I.F. whenever they have leave. Our host was Mr. Chan.

"The house overlooks the sea through lines of palms.

There is a big swimming pool and a ballroom, and in the big reception room on the ground floor we were startled to meet face to face a Malayan bear and a sea dog, which is a fierce-looking animal like a platypus combined with a ferret.

They proved, however, to be examples of the taxidermist's art, and were trophies of the host's hunting expeditions.



STROLLING through the park Mrs. A. G. Oliver, Brisbane, and W. McMillan, Brisbane, met these Chinese boys playing a local card game which baffled the A.I.F. men.

Careers for GIRLS & LADIES

Here is YOUR Opportunity to help fill the places being vacated by men. STOTT'S can prepare you—successfully—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. Without any obligation whatsoever. SEND THE COUPON for particulars of any of the following courses:

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HOW TO KEEP FIT

You can't keep fit if you suffer from constipation. Constipation saps energy, makes you feel tired and "off-colour." NYAL FIGSEN, the gentle laxative, ends constipation quickly and naturally. Figen is made from three of Nature's own laxatives—Figs, Senna and Cascara. That's why Figen is NOT habit-forming, and why it is good for every member of the family—the youngsters as well as the grown-ups. Figen is sold by chemists everywhere. 1/3d a tin. The next best thing to Nature...

Nyal Figen FOR CONSTIPATION

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On the first sign of GREY HAIR... BANISH it with the famous new discovery

FRENCH HAIR RESTORER



THIS marvellous Water White Lotion, that is undetectable in use, contains No Messy Glycerine or Sulphur. Even your nearest friends cannot tell you are treating your GREY HAIR.

EASY and simple to apply in the privacy of your own HOME.

CAN be Permanently Waved after with wonderful results.

BRINGS back that natural shade to your hair so much admired by all.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Don't let your hair spoil your appearance and make you look OLD, WORRIED, and UNHAPPY.

GIVE THIS NEW DISCOVERY A TRY

2/9 French Hair Restorer 5/6

Medium Size POSTAGE EXTRA Large Economical Size

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Stops Perspiration 1-3 Days

Non-greasy—Stainless
Won't irritate skin or rot dresses
Quick! No waiting for it to dry
Use before or after shaving, as you prefer.



ODO-RO-DO CREAM

1/1 and 2/1

THEY'RE HAVING FUN: *Two kinds of sport*



DOUBLE OR NOTHING. The Diggers do a little bargaining with a seller of Malacca canes, one of Malaya's most famous products. They settle the transaction by an old Australian custom—a toss of the coin.

Follow this A.I.F. rickshaw race



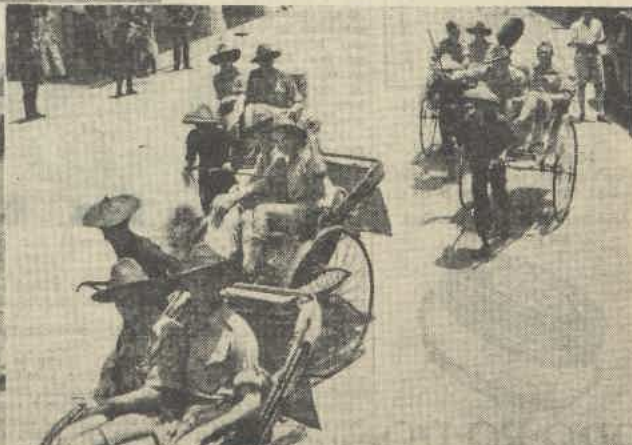
RICKSHAW RIDE in early morning begins calmly enough at a quiet jogging pace, but—



COMING into the straight. The coolies are well ahead of a Digger turned rickshaw boy.



THE WINNER—and cheers for him from interested spectators. Rickshaw boys have learnt that the slouch hat means racing and enter into the fun.



RACE OVER, rickshaw boys are permitted to return to jog-trot and carry their white heroes to colorful shops for gifts to catch the mail.

Exclusive pictures of the A.I.F. taken in Malaya.

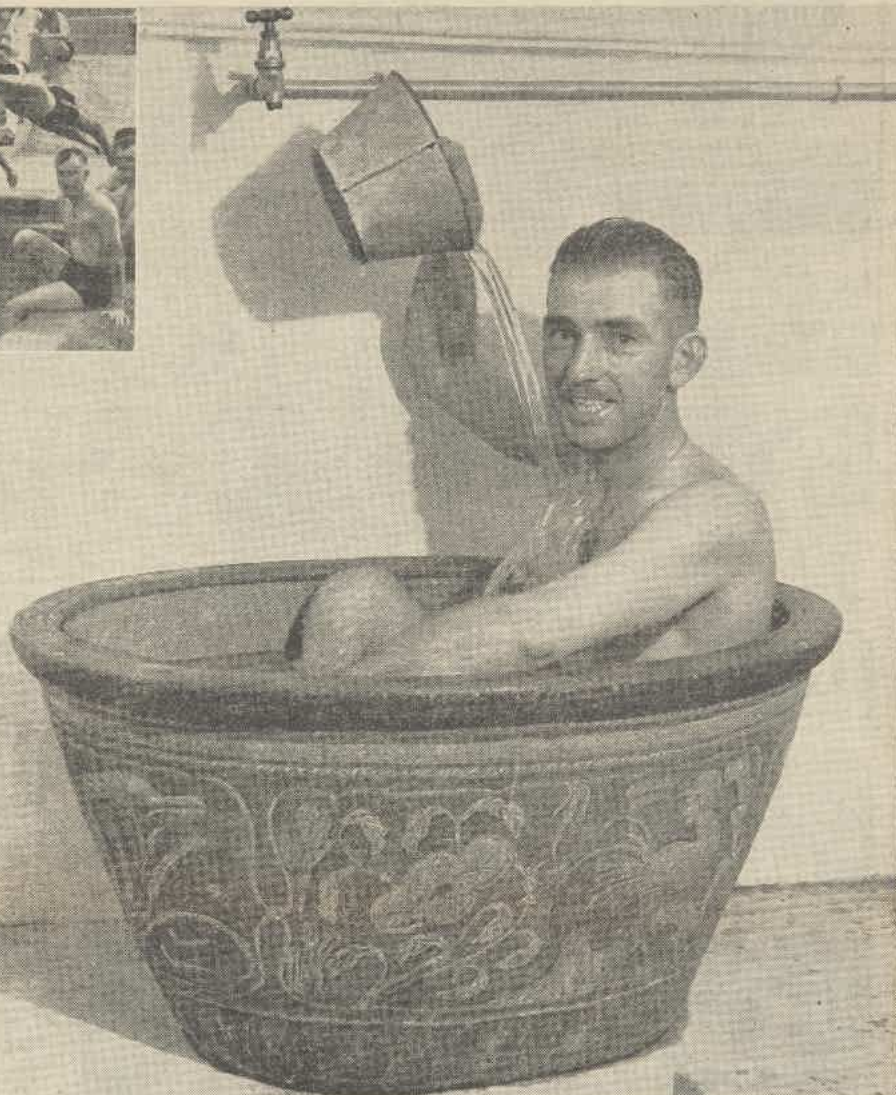
THEY'RE KEEPING COOL: *Two kinds of bathing*



SUNDAY swimming party at seaside home of Mr. Chan, Chinese millionaire rubber planter, one of many wealthy Chinese hosts of A.I.F.



PRIVATES R. MELLOR and E. J. Hutchinson, of Victoria, chatting with one of their hosts. Cars go to camps to fetch troops to seaside.



BATHING Malayan fashion in Shanghai jar. Made of brown earthenware, it's glazed jade-green inside and decorated with native designs. Private Cecil Richardson likes it!



LIVELY AS MONKEYS, four A.I.F. lads climb a Malayan palm. In tropic heat frequent bathing is a lifesaver and residents see no soldier is without opportunity to swim on leave.



JUST LIKE HOME. It might be Palm Beach sands they're racing over. Training doesn't leave them short of energy.

Photographs by Wilfred ("Bill") Brindle, Australian Women's Weekly photographer.

TICKET WRITING

£1/1/- month

Extra Money for Adults.
Positions for Juniors.

Individual Tuition, Day or Night.
Modern Methods. Rapid Progress.

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IN YOUR SPARE TIME**

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No Special Ability Needed.
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INECTO
HAIR COLOURING

"MARLOWE!
Good Lord! You must be Maud's girl. Come over here and let's have a look at you."

Tessa put down her suitcase, and stood in the bright circle of lamplight. Her grandfather leaned back and looked at her curiously.

"Your face is dirty!" he said.
"Oh, it's not! I powdered it and everything in the train."

"Over the dirt," Grandpa said imperturbably. "They all do. And don't contradict. You're pretty as a picture, my lass. What have you come to see me for? Did Maud send you to see what I was doing? She was always a money cat, was Maud. Or does she want money? Because if that's it, you can go back and tell her she's not getting any."

Tessa took a deep breath, and said rapidly: "Well, I did come to stay with you for a bit, Grandpa, but if that's how you're going to talk, and thinking we want your nasty money, I don't even want to stay. I'll go back now. I didn't think anyone could be so horrid, and never even ask anybody to have a cup of tea or anything, and—and I came away without my supper."

"Oh, did you? How did that happen? Have a row at home?"

"Yes, I did."

"So you ran away. And came to me. Funny."

"It isn't really. I ran away, like you did—and I thought you'd understand."

"Like I did?"

"Yes. They always said it was you coming out in me every time I did anything I wanted to, and—"

"Did they?" Grandpa put in gently.

"Yes, and I expect they must have been right, because in the end I ran away, too, you see."

"So you did," Grandpa said. His weather-beaten face creased into

Going to Grandfather

Continued from page 6

dozens of tiny wrinkles when he smiled. His eyes, very blue and very clear, were full of merriment. "Well, take your things off, my lass, and sit down and tell me all about it. Here, the kettle's full, put it on the hob if you want a cup of tea."

Tessa began at the beginning and told him the whole story, while he potted about, setting cups on the table, and putting out a huge plum cake and a piece of very green cheese. She was surprised to see how small and spare he was. His thin grey hair stood up untidily, and he was dressed in shabby trousers and a decrepit tweed coat.

There was no trace of the dashing and romantic figure she had been led to expect. At last he said: "You'll have to go back, you know."

"Oh, Grandpa, no!"

"Oh, yes, you will. To-morrow. Can't do with a chit like you around. And then—what about your mother?"

"Mother's got Aunt Gertrude."

"Serves her right, too," Grandpa said half to himself, "but you've got to go home and make your peace with them, and then maybe we'll see. Now go to bed."

"Where?" Tessa looked round.

"You can have old John's room. He's away."

"Who's old John?" Tessa asked, picking up her bag.

"Friend of mine. Lives with me. Cheerful sort. I like folk to be cheerful. Couldn't stand that town of yours at any price, or my family either, for that matter."

He piloted her up a narrow staircase, whose boards were dangerously shiny.

"Here you are. Good-night, my lass. Sleep well."

"Good-night, Grandpa," Tessa

kissed his soft old wrinkled cheek, and then suddenly put her arms round his neck and hugged him.

"Bless you, love," Grandpa said gently.

Thankfully, Tessa smuggled into bed and didn't even stir until she awoke the next morning. She stretched happily, and lay looking around her. There were a great many photographs of horses and a pile of shabby books in a corner. What a warm, comfortable life the two old men must lead together. No wonder Grandpa liked it.

An extravagant fire was burning in the big room downstairs, and a stout country woman wished Tessa good-morning from the kitchen as she passed. Tessa opened the front door and took a long breath of fresh cold air. Grandpa was coming up the path, his dogs at his heels, and a can of milk in his hand.

"HALLO, my lass!"
he called to her. "Sleep well?"

"Beautifully, thank you." She held up her cheek to be kissed. "It's lovely here, isn't it, Grandpa? I don't wonder you like it so much."

"Peaceful. And nice cheerful folk. I like cheerful folk. Have you seen old John?"

"No. Is he back already?"

"Got back in the night some time. Pretty surprised to find you in his bed, too. Came and woke me up, and said plenty about it. Got alone inside, my lass, there's a nip in the air this morning after the frost."

Tessa followed him indoors and sat down at the place he indicated at the polished round table set for three.

"Grandpa, did old John really come in and find me in his bed?"

"He certainly did. Sleeping so soundly to hear him, I suppose."

"But that's awful. Where did the poor old man sleep?"

Please turn to page 14

WHAT'S the Answer

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

- 1.—Easter week! And here's a bright flashback on Easter holidays—they were first instituted in England by Alfred the Great — Edward II — Henry VIII — Charles II.
- 2.—Overboard goes another Italian chief with the recent resignation of Marshal Graziani. He boasted the offices of Governor-General of Abyssinia — Commander-in-Chief in Albania — Governor-General of Eritrea — Commander-in-Chief in Africa — Governor-General of Libya.
- 3.—Chief ingredient of that popular favrite, meringue, is Milk — arrowroot — white of egg — gelatine.
- 4.—Now for a joust at Australian geography. Farthest south of all the following is Bathurst — Broken Hill — Port Augusta — Kalgoorlie — Perth.
- 5.—The spotlight shifted recently to Yugoslavia. Her boy King Peter ascended the throne on the assassination, in 1934, of his father, King Peter — Julius — Ferdinand — Alexander.
- 6.—And while we're wandering around those parts, which of these countries were allies of Britain in the Crimean War? Russia — Turkey — Hungary — Portugal — France.
- 7.—Doubtless you're well on with planning your winter furs and finery. Did you know that the sable, which yields one of the most prized furs, is a member of the family of Marten — wolf — deer — otter — stoat.
- 8.—Sir Percy Blakeney is the hero of Ethel Dell's "The Way of an Eagle" — Margaret Mitchell's "Gone With the Wind" — Dorothy Sayers' "Hangman's Holiday" — Baroness Orczy's "The Scarlet Pimpernel."
- 9.—Ever heard of a palanquin? It's a Ceremonial tent for the reception of Royalty — part of the dome of a Mohammedan mosque — African bird — East Indian covered vehicle.
- 10.—Didn't like that? Well, toss off the number of acres in a square mile. 1760 — 408 — 4840 — 640 — 720.

Answers on page 14

What does this cold think I am...
TRIPLETS?

MY NOSE IS STUFFY.
MY THROAT'S SORE.
MY CHEST IS TIGHT AND
I'VE GOT A COUGH!
THAT'S ENOUGH FOR
3 LITTLE FELLOWS
LIKE ME!

One Simple Treatment Reaches and
Relieves ALL These Miseries!

A BABY'S cold puts nose, throat, and chest all in danger. You can't expect to end his cold quickly unless you bring help to all these places.

There is a way to do just that—quickly...safely...and without any risk of upsetting his stomach! Simply give him a pleasant bedtime rub with Vicks VapoRub.

Works Two Ways

Rubbed on throat, chest, and back; VapoRub begins instantly to bring help straight to the places where help is needed...in two ways:

HEALING VAPOURS, released from VapoRub by the body warmth,

are breathed in all through the air-passages. Their on-the-spot medication soothes the irritated membranes of nose, throat, and chest—clears away clogging mucus and phlegm. Breathing becomes easy again. Coughing is relieved. At the same time...

LIKE A POULTICE, VapoRub works on the skin, "drawing out" tightness and pain in chest and throat.

How comfy the little one feels! Breathing easily, coughing stopped, he gets a good night's rest, while VapoRub works hour after hour. Next morning, he is well on the way to being fit again!



BABY! IF I COULD TALK
I'D SAY...THANK YOU
MUMMY, FOR WASHING
ME WITH NICE REXONA
SOAP...IT KEEPS ME SO
SMOOTH AND COMFY

JUST as Rexona Soap is baby's best beauty treatment so too, Rexona's mild medications can make your skin clear, healthy, naturally lovely. Rexona alone contains Cadyl, a special protective compound of medications. Its medicated, lather clears the pores of dust and impurities—leaves the skin clear, radiant.



Persistent blemishes, which do not yield quickly to Rexona Soap care, need the combination treatment of Rexona Soap and Ointment. Used together, this amazing combination rapidly clears up all blemishes—leaves the skin clear and unmarked.

TREATMENT: Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear a little Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.

REXONA
is more than a beauty soap,
it's a
Complete Skin
Treatment

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26 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY IN 71 COUNTRIES

THE WAY BACK

Final instalment of our thrilling wartime serial

THE German, Scheldt, was driving from Bristol to Fleet—when he was angry. He swore under his breath. Twice on the way he had taken the wrong road because of the absence of signposts. And he hated to ask the way. However, time pressed, and there was nothing for it.

A young man in flannels was coming along the road. His arm was in a sling. Scheldt leaned out of the car.

"Can you tell me the way to Penance?" he asked.

"Take that lane until you reach the main road, and then you can't go wrong," said Sandy Bryant.

"Thank you very much."

The car drove on. Sandy stood still and swore at himself. Weren't you told never to tell strangers the way? And the man had looked a foreigner.

The way to Penance was the way to Commander Harwood's cottage, wasn't it? Sandy forgot that it was also the way to the Curtis' home, Seaways.

He had been at the entrance to his own gates. He hurried into the house and grabbed the telephone.

"Fleet 36, please."

That was the Curtis' place. He and Maurice Curtis had been doing quite a bit of hobnobbing lately. His whisky had disappeared in considerable quantities in consequence.

As the phone rang in the Seaways study Scheldt came through the front door.

"Answer it!" he commanded.

Maurice took up the receiver. The others listened intently.

"Yes, yes," he kept saying. And: "Really?" And finally: "Just hold on a minute!"

He put his hand over the receiver. "It's Sir Alexander Bryant. He says a highly suspicious foreign-looking individual, in a car with the number DXO63, stopped him and asked the way to Penance. He wants to know what should be done about it."

An oath burst from Scheldt's lips. The tiny veins stood out on his forehead.

"You two, you seem to have mismanaged everything! Everywhere you have aroused suspicion! Well, now it is too late! All those against us must be eliminated. We can take no risks. To-night it will happen, and our enemies will be destroyed. That young man has a stupid face, but stupid people can do as much harm as the clever ones. He must go! Tell him to come here, Curtis. We can dispose of him."

"Tell him you want to talk over his information," said Rachel.

Curtis took up the receiver. "Look here, Sir Alexander," he said. "What you've told me is very interesting. Will you come and discuss it with me?"

There was an inarticulate clucking at the other side of the wire. Maurice turned.

"He wants me to go over there. You see, it's a long way round by road, and with that smashed arm he cannot row."

"That girl could bring him," said Rachel. "Suggest it!"

She had no grudge against Sandy. He was only one of the many who would die. But if he went, let that girl go, too!

Maurice picked up the receiver again, spoke and listened a minute, then put it down.

"They're coming," he said. "They'll be here in a quarter of an hour or so. What are we going to do with them?"

"That's easy!" said Rachel. "How you over to Seaways? Nicole was saying at that moment, 'Sandy, I don't like Seaways! Why do you want to go there?'"

"It is a matter of vital importance," said Sandy. "Don't ask questions, Nicole! Do as I say."

He was looking flushed and very



Even as Burton whipped out his revolver, Scheldt was on him with an iron grip.

serious. Had he found out what she and Burton already knew?

"Why not ring up Burton first?" she suggested.

"The last thing in the world I'd think of doing," said Sandy. "Hurry, Nicole! There's no time to waste."

Still she hesitated. A premonition of evil seized her. Her eyes moved towards the phone. If she could give Burton a hint!

"Hurry, Nicole," repeated Sandy. Oh, it was all right, of course! Probably Sandy was making a fuss over nothing.

SHE went down to the boat and untied it. The tide was with them. They slid down to the Seaways moorings. Maurice was waiting for them.

"It was good of you to ring up, Sir Alexander," he said. "Your information might be of the highest importance."

"What information?" said Nicole. "We can discuss it when we reach the house," said Maurice. "This way, please."

They walked up to the house, through the hall, into the study. It appeared to be empty. It wasn't. Figures stood behind the door.

Nicole heard Sandy cry out, had a brief vision of Rachel's face, dark and vindictive, gloating, triumphant. Then something struck her heavily on the back of the head and she felt herself falling.

"Good!" muttered Scheldt. Then he added, "We shan't do away with them straight away, though. This girl should prove very useful to us afterwards—to get some details of the British Navy out of that commander!" He laughed cruelly.

Nicole came to herself very slowly. She felt as if she were recovering from some ghastly nightmare. But it wasn't over—it was still going on. She was deadly sick; her head ached intolerably.

She was lying on something cold and hard, and above her was a groined and whitewashed ceiling. She tried to move. Something held her feet. Then she realised that her hands, too, were fastened. Consciousness came back with a rush. Then she heard a voice, Sandy's voice.

"Are you feeling better, Nicole?" He had recovered more quickly than she. He was propped up against the wall of the cellar. He was looking at her with strained, miserable eyes.

"Oh, Sandy, what happened?"

"They knocked us out. They must be the Fifth Columnists the doctor was talking about!"

"But of course they are!" cried Nicole. "Didn't you know?"

"But Curtis is a Government servant. I actually asked him to help me investigate. I phoned him when

I saw that German—I—oh, Nicole, what have I let you in for?"

"Hush. They're coming," said Nicole quickly.

There were sounds of footsteps on the staircase. Then both Maurice and Rachel appeared. Maurice was no longer frightened. He was grinning triumphantly. He had succeeded for once in doing what Scheldt had commanded. It was as easy as pie really. You just cut out any idea of honorable fighting and took your trusting victim by surprise. You could carry on for long enough like that.

"Sorry, Bryant!" he drawled. "Hope you're not too uncomfortable."

"How long are you going to keep us here?" said Sandy.

"Oh, until it's over," said Maurice easily. "Until after the invasion. And then I very much doubt if there will be anybody with time to release you. Things will be pretty busy by then, even if the place hasn't been bombed to bits."

"The invasion?" said Nicole. "Yes, the invasion!" said Rachel. "It is due to take place in another hour."

"And what do you personally expect to get out of it?" asked Nicole, quietly.

Before Rachel could reply Scheldt appeared in the doorway. He looked at the two expressionlessly.

"Look them in," he said. "We're busy. There is still plenty to do."

By...

PHYLLIS HAMBLETON

Without another word the others withdrew. The door was locked and bolted. Sandy gave a sound that was almost a sob.

"I let you in for this!" he said.

"That's not the point now," said Nicole. "If we could warn them outside! Sandy, if we could get together, could we untie each other?"

"If we could, there's still the door, and the outside window is barred."

"We could try!" said Nicole. "If I rolled towards you..."

Meanwhile, Scheldt was giving Maurice his instructions. Rachel interposed.

"You have not told me what there is for me to do."

"Nothing," said Scheldt, "but keep quiet. You have played your part. This is no war for women. Listen carefully, Curtis. At 8.15 to-night we should hear the first squadron of planes overhead."

Rachel slipped away. She stood alone. On her cheeks two bright patches of color glowed. She looked out of the window. A boy in a blue

jersey was hauling in lobster pots. Everything was utterly quiet, utterly still. It seemed impossible to realise that in a few hours this would be changed, that there would be bloodshed and sudden death.

What was it that girl had said? "And what do you expect to get out of it personally?" It was a new, terrible question.

Oh, it had been fun while it had lasted—the excitement, the stimulation, the amusement of pretending to be such a scared little woman.

It was she who had told Scheldt that Maurice cheated at poker and so had brought him into it. She had certainly been useful to them! They had congratulated her. People more important than Scheldt had praised her. But now? What do you expect to get out of it? What will happen to you if England is under German rule?

Rachel shuddered. Never had that scene outside the window been so fair and smiling—the scene that she and her kind were about to try to destroy. What they would put in its place wasn't worth having. She was filled with panic. A realisation of impending doom was on her. She must escape by the one way left to her. Escape from Scheldt, before the invading army arrived!

Scheldt and Maurice were still talking in the study; or rather Scheldt was talking and Maurice listening. Once more she ran down the cellar steps. She could hear Sandy and Nicole speaking to each other behind the locked door. She ignored them. They mattered nothing to her any more. She was playing her own hand. She hurried into the cellar, where the coal had been shovelled to one side. There was a

trapdoor exposed to view. She tore at the ring that was its only handle. It swung open. There were steps leading downwards. They led to a tiny tunnel; she closed the trapdoor behind her, ran along it. She knew the way. Just one more turn; then the sloping ramp up to the cowshed. Then—

"Hallo, Rachel," said Burton's quiet voice.

She stared at him as if she could hardly believe her eyes. He was the last person she had expected to see. All the color receded from her face.

"You here!" she gasped. "You found the way?"

"Through the cowshed," said Burton.

"You fool," she said. "How on earth do you expect to get out again?"

"By way of your cellar, which I've not really had an opportunity of properly investigating. As a matter of interest—Bren guns, is it—or bombs?"

"You'll be dead before you find out," said Rachel.

"That would be very stupid of somebody. I've left strict instructions that if I'm not back by nine o'clock I'm to be looked for—by a quite considerable force."

"By nine o'clock?" said Rachel.

She began to laugh. "That's funny, that's frightfully funny! True to the British characteristic—always late! You should have said eight, not nine."

"Perhaps I did," said Burton.

"Oh, no, you didn't," said Rachel. "I call your bluff! We've been good sparring partners, Burton. But it's the end of the match. I've a revolver, and I expect you have. But even if you shot me, you'd never get out of this place alive. The trapdoor inside the cowshed has a hidden catch, and you could not possibly find it from this end unless you knew where it was. And there are Scheldt and Maurice at the other end."

"You forget that it's always at the end of the match that the British get busy," said Burton. "Even if they are as you say, a trifle slow in starting. And I'm starting—right now!"

SUDDENLY, before she knew what he was going to do, he had closed in on her! He had pinioned her hands against her sides. She struggled like a cat but she was powerless. Then she struggled no more. She lay limp in his arms. He whipped a length of rope out of his pocket and tried to tie her hands. Instead she clasped them round his neck.

"Burton, you needn't do that," she whispered in a low, trembling voice. "I'll come willingly. I'll be your prisoner! Do you know what I was doing? I was running away. After all, I'm British too, though that hasn't mattered much to me up till now. But I've just realised I can't stand the world that these others are making. I've done well out of them, but I'm tired of them. I'm frightened of them—the way they can kill joy and decency, and stop children loving their parents, and the way they destroy all the things we've thought as necessary as air and water, the things that we have taken for granted."

"They're coming to-night in hordes, but there must be places in England where we could escape from them. I'll show you how to work the catch of the trapdoor if you'll come with me. Burton! We're the same kind of people, you and I. I've always known it, ever since—" "Look out!" he shouted.

He had seen the danger approaching before she did. He could have used his revolver if she had not been in the way. But it was wrenched from him even as he whipped it out of his pocket. Scheldt was on him with an iron grip. For a minute or two they wrestled in the dim light, and so the end of his life Burton was never to know whether Rachel had meant what she had said, or whether it had been yet another act of treachery. Maurice closed in on him and helped Scheldt to overpower him. His wrists were fastened. Rachel watched sullenly.

"Later I will talk to you," Scheldt told her. "Now there is no time. As for the commander, he has played right into my hands. Put him in the cellar, Curtis!"

"This way, Harwood," said Maurice.

Please turn to page 36



Bathtowels and other useful Gifts for DAD CARTON FRONTS

Reference No. 101 — Bath Towel, coloured, heavy absorbent pile, hard-wearing. Medium size, for 30 points. Reference No. 102 — Bath Towel, coloured, very heavy and extra large, for 48 points. 1/2 sized Dad Washing Tablets Carton Fronts count 2 points.



Dad Washing Tablets are amazing. They clean out all dirt and grease without work, without effort. They will not harm the most delicate materials. Do your washing the new, sure, Dad way.

DAD WASHING TABLETS

Write for further details and special coloured folder listing all gifts available to—
Dad Gifts, Post Office Box 45,
CAMPERDOWN, N.S.W.
This offer does not apply in South Australia.

GRANDPA'S shout of laughter was echoed from the doorway to the kitchen. In it stood a large young man whose untidy dark head nearly reached the top.

"The poor old man found a corner, and did very well, thank you," said the newcomer.

"Oh!" Tessa blushed crimson. "Are you old John?"

"That's him," Grandpa said, "John Sergeant. Hot-tempered, but sound at heart. Should have heard him when he came into my room last night."

"I'm frightfully sorry about it," Tessa said, "but Grandpa didn't think you'd be home last night."

"Didn't he?" John Sergeant sat down beside her, and glanced darkly at Grandpa. "Well, anything like you in a man's bed when he comes home at four o'clock in the morning does give him a shock, you know, but I think I've got over it."

"I thought you were an old man," Tessa said.

"So he is," Grandpa was eating bacon and eggs as if he hadn't gone to bed a few hours earlier on plum cake and cheese. "Much older than I am. Fussy, too. Can't let a man alone."

Tessa sat listening and waiting for someone to get up and bang out of the room, declaring that they had been insulted. But Grandpa and John Sergeant grinned at each other and went happily on with their breakfasts. She sighed, and said wistfully: "It's nice here, Grandpa. I do wish I could stay."

"So you can," John said. He smiled at her, and his grey eyes were as full of kindness and humor as Grandpa's were. "Stay for ever. You'd fit in beautifully."

"She's going back to-day," Grandpa said. "Pass the marmalade. She's got a young man to go back to, too."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Didn't realise that, of course." There was a change in John's voice.

Tessa looked at Grandpa in surprise, and then suddenly she remembered Derek. Of course, she had told him that all the trouble was

Going to Grandfather

Continued from page 12

about Derek. Derek whom she had utterly and completely forgotten. She was suddenly anxious to make that quite clear.

"Grandpa—" she began, but Grandpa was wrangling with John.

"I suppose it's too much to hope that you might be going to do a little work this morning."

"You're right, it is. I'm going to take Tessa for a run to see our view."

"Scenery! The girl doesn't want to go looking at a view, do you?"

"Yes, please, I'd love it," Tessa said promptly.

"Well, you get back here at one, and no later. I don't wait lunch for anyone."

The air was as exhilarating as cold sea-water, and Tessa nestled happily under John's big arm in his shabby car. At the top of a long hill he stopped, and they sat looking at the rolling country.

"Like it?"

"Oh, it's more than liking. It's not like this at home, you know. It's all so hard and bleak and cold. It looks so gentle here, somehow."

"I know. Your grandfather pretends he does not care for scenery, but he always makes me stop when we pass here, and he sits and looks at it as if he couldn't get enough."

"Have you lived with him long, Mr. Sergeant?"

"Five years. And you'd better call me John."

"I'd like to," Tessa said shyly. "You're fond of Grandpa, aren't you?"

"He's the grandest man I know."

"They don't think so at home, you

a way to get to the station myself."

"I'm sure you can't," he said flatly, "because there isn't one. I'll drive you." He lit his pipe slowly and deliberately and strolled out of the room without looking at her.

"What've you done to him?" Grandpa asked. "He's not usually sulky."

"It's what you've done," Tessa burst out; "all that nonsense about Derek."

"Oh!" Grandpa looked interested.

"But why should he be interested?"

"I don't know," Tessa, swept by the realisation of what she had said, blushed uncomfortably. "But I think he is. How soon can I go, Grandpa? I don't want to stay now."

Grandpa looked at her flushed, unhappy face, and began to chuckle.

"You're all right, my girl," he assured her. "Off you go now and catch that train and come back whenever you want to. Seems to me there's more than a silly old man will be waiting for you."

John appeared in the doorway and looked from one to the other of the two laughing faces.

"Ready, Tessa?" His voice was cold.

"She's ready," Grandpa assured him, "and she's coming back as soon as she can, too. Changeable baggage — just like her old Grandpa. Says she doesn't want that singing chap now. I can't understand what's changed the girl. Bless you, my lass — remember me to those bad-tempered daughters of mine." He kissed her cheek and stumped out of the room.

"Tessa," said John, "what did he mean?"

Grandpa really came out at last in Tessa. She lifted her strong little chin and said: "He meant — that he wouldn't mind — if you kissed me now, John."

(Copyright)

The answer is—

- 1—Alfred the Great.
- 2—Commander-in-Chief in Africa and Governor-General of Libya.
- 3—White of egg.
- 4—Bathurst.
- 5—Alexander.
- 6—France and Turkey.
- 7—Marten.
- 8—Baroness Ozezy's "The Scarlet Pimpernel."
- 9—East Indian covered vehicle.
- 10—640.

Questions on page 12

know. They think he's rather a disgrace, but I can't see why."

"I expect it's because he decided to get the best out of life in his simple way, and people never want you to do that. I was out of a job — my own fault — when I met him. He bought me the first decent meal I'd had for days, and he scolded me, and then brought me down here. He kept me at it when I started my first book, and he was on hand to see I didn't run amuck when it turned out to be successful. There isn't anything I wouldn't do for him."

He lit the pipe he had been filling as he talked, and smiled down at the girl beside him.

"That's why," he went on, "I'm not going to kiss you, you sweet little thing, although I want to more than I've ever wanted anything before. But there's that boy at home, and he might not like it. Come on, let's go back to your grandfather."

"There isn't any boy at home," Tessa said flatly, but John snapped at her: "Don't talk like that. There was yesterday, wasn't there?"

"Yes," Tessa said, and then sat silent the rest of the way home. How could you explain that Derek seemed as far away as the stars? How, moreover, could you explain that there never had been anything in it, and that it had been a most absurd thing to quarrel about?

Grandpa was very gay and teasing at lunch.

"She's a short-tempered little thing, for all her sweetness. Our Maud — that's her mother — wouldn't let her go and hear this chap of hers sing, so she ups and runs away to me. What do you think of that, John?"

"A charming gesture," John said indifferently. "What time do you want to go to the station, Tessa? I'll have the car round."

"Don't bother, please," Tessa looked at him unhappily. All the friendship of the morning was gone from his face. "I'm sure I can find

BEAUTY TREATMENT FOR STOVES AND GRATES



All you need is Zebo Liquid Stove Polish. Just shake a little on to a cloth or brush and apply, then give the stove or grate a brisk polish. That's all. There's no hard work, no cleaning up after Zebo. Stoves keep shining longer with an occasional polish with Zebo. Get Zebo from your Grocer. It's the modern way to keep stoves brilliantly clean.

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OUT-GROWING THEIR STRENGTH

Growth very often imposes a considerable strain on children's health, and if it is too rapid, the strain may actually undermine their constitutions.

Generations of mothers, and thousands of doctors and nurses, have proved Virol to be the ideal food for promoting healthy growth. It supplies, in a palatable and easily digested form, every element that children need for sturdy growth and development. Virol children have firm flesh, strong bones, healthy colour and abundant vitality. A Virol Constitution lasts for life.



BUILD UP YOUR CHILD
WITH **VIROL** NOW

Mr. Inner Man

New Minister of
Inside Information

castigates

Lord Haw-Haw

—says "Indigestapo foiled again"



In a fighting speech to the Nation, Mr. Inner Man made it hot for Germany's arch-apologist. He said, "A daring attempt to sabotage the national digestion and good spirits has been thwarted by the vigilance of the officers of my department."



Lord Haw-Haw
"tells it to the
marines".

It appears that crates of Keen's Mustard were assembled for delivery, when enemy spies made a determined effort to abscond with them. But we, too, really do possess inside information and although I am not able to tell you what steps we took I can assure you that Indigestapo has been foiled again. Lord Haw-Haw will undoubtedly claim that the effort succeeded, but he can 'tell that to the marines'. (Loud applause.)

And there you have a straight tip from an eminent authority: take Mustard with your meals and you will be safeguarding your digestion and your health. Mustard brings out the hidden flavor of all meat, fish, and poultry dishes, but always use it freshly-mixed, and be sure it's

KEEN'S D.S.F.
MUSTARD

K241.

Women also Serve..

Red Cross hopes to make record in one-day appeal

FIFTY thousand pounds in one day is the aim of the Red Cross Day Committee, members of which, with Mrs. Penfold Hyland as honorary organiser, are working hard for a big "Day" in Martin Place on June 20, to be followed by a gala festival at the Town Hall at night.

This is the third Red Cross Appeal Day to be held since war began. The first two in March and December last year resulted in the sum of £42,000, but it is hoped that the result of this one will exceed that combined sum.

Members of the committee are planning distinctive buttons to be sold for 1/-, 2/-, 5/- and £1 each.

Entertainments are being arranged by Lady Walder to take place all through the day on a platform erected in Martin Place.

The festival at the Town Hall will be a pageant of the nine entrants in the Red Cross Queen Competition, and afterwards there will be dancing until midnight.

The entrants in the Queen Competition are Miss Marie Bremner (Theatre), Miss Nancy Bird (Air), Miss Sue Other Gee (Red Cross), Mrs. D. Jenner (Journalism), Miss Josephine Keed (Munitions), Miss

Lorna Byrne (Agriculture), Miss Betty Bryant (Liquor Trade), and Miss Diana Massie (Army).

Each entrant has an enthusiastic committee working for her success in the competition.

Lady Gordon is in charge of arrangements for the Pageant of Queens to be held at the Town Hall.

Mrs. Penfold Hyland has been connected with the Red Cross Society for 10 years, first as president of the Darlinghurst branch, and a member of the executive committee, and then, since war began, as honorary organiser of the Red Cross Day Committee.

For six months of the year Mrs. Penfold Hyland's working hours are from nine till six, and for the remainder of the year, when not working for the two Red Cross days each year, she is equally busy with her work as a member of the sub-committee for furnishing Red Cross homes and hospitals.

Lady Fairfax is president of the committee, Alderman Marks chairman, Mrs. W. P. Minell honorary secretary, Messrs. J. D. L. Gaden, A. J. West, and St. Clair honorary treasurers, and the executive committee includes Lady Gordon, Lady Walder, Lady Kater, Mesdames A. G. White, Nell Ackland, M. I. Body, Miss Enid Bayly, and Messrs. George Patterson and B. E. Pike.



MRS. PENFOLD HYLAND.

Social events for good causes

- APRIL 8: Ballet Festival for Red Cross Queen Competition, Minerva Theatre.
- April 15, 8 p.m.: Performance, "Importance of Being Earnest," Conservatorium.
- April 16, 2.45 p.m.: Lady Wakehurst opens Red Cross Conference, David Jones', George Street.
- April 18: Fete at Town Hall for King George V Memorial Hospital.
- April 19, 5 p.m. to 7 p.m.: Victoria League Young Contingent Party, Miss M. Fairfax's home, Bellevue Hill.

Has written book to help British children

WITH a foreword by Her Excellency Lady Gowrie, a charming book for children will soon be available.

Mrs. Gladys Lister, of Vaucluse, has written "The Song Goes On" to help the British Children's Comforts Fund, and her story deals with the life in Australia of two small British refugees whom she has called Betty and Bryan.

"The story is largely based on

fact," said Mrs. Lister, who has written four other books.

"I began it after being told of the courage shown by the English evacuees who arrived on the ship known as 'The Singing Ship'."

"Also I was told that many of the British mothers would appreciate a true story about how the children are living in their new homes," said Mrs. Lister, who did many of the illustrations.

What the People Say About 'ASPRO'

For the relief of PAIN AND HEADACHES



MRS. H. R. NETTHEIM (left) watches while Miss Alison Lamb works the machine for knitting scarves.

Working for overseas battalion and home garrison

"If we had measured the mufflers we have knitted on our machine, I suppose the length of them would measure many hundred yards," said Mrs. H. R. Nettheim, chairman of the working committee of the Bellevue Hill Voluntary Workers.

Formed last year to work for an overseas battalion and a garrison in Australia, the group meets every Tuesday at Mrs. Nettheim's home, and every Thursday at Mrs. Sydney Smith's home.

Mrs. Nettheim has turned her large verandah into a workroom, and as well as a knitting machine there is

a sock machine, both of which are kept working busily.

Four scarves are made in an hour, and they are hand-finished by some of the twenty workers.

A pair of long socks is completed within a half-hour.

"We send our parcels each week to our adopted battalion abroad," said Mrs. Nettheim, "and we were delighted to hear from the colonel in command that a big parcel of comforts arrived just before the battle of Bardia."

"The home garrison that we help is mainly composed of former A.I.F. men, and they badly needed some assistance."

"We have about 100 lonely soldiers on our lists, and to each of them we send regular parcels."

SAYS 'ASPRO' POWDERS HAVE PROVED A DOUBLE BOON

Perth, W.A., 3/3/39.

Dear Sirs,
Since I have been able to purchase your new 'ASPRO' Powders through our local store, my usual health troubles have been completely overcome. 'ASPRO', owing to its gentle action, has always given me relief from my Headaches, Colds, etc., and now, as my digestive organs are beginning to wear, your new 'ASPRO' Powders have proved a double boon to my sufferings. I might add that my husband also uses these new Powders, and keeps a packet in his office, not only for himself, he states, but sometimes they are most useful to his early morning clients.

(Sgd.) Mrs. WOOD.

RHEUMATISM RELIEF GAINED BY USING 'ASPRO'

11 Gordon Street, Footscray, Vic.

Dear Sirs,
I was suffering intense pain from Rheumatism for a fairly long period, when I was advised to try 'ASPRO' which I did, and was surprised at the good results. Next I realised that if I took 'ASPRO' at the first sign of Rheumatism I was able to avoid it altogether. So I always keep 'ASPRO' on hand and find it a very great aid.

(Sgd.) G. AITCHESON

'ASPRO' SAVES ME DAYS OF HEADACHE TORTURE

Mandemur, N.S.W.

Dear Sirs,
I must say I have found your 'ASPRO' tablets wonderful. Away from town, some 14 miles, when you get a Headache you can't always get medical attention; but when you have a box of 'ASPRO' tablets you can depend on 'ASPRO' to do the job. I have taken so-called Headache potions, but (and I mean every word of it), 'ASPRO' has saved me many days of headache torture. 'ASPRO' will check any Headache no matter how acute. 'ASPRO' always for me, and those in pain. You can use this letter as you think fit.

(Sgd.) JOHN A. RICHARDS.

TEETH EXTRACTION PAIN QUICKLY BANISHED BY 'ASPRO'

150 North Beach Road, Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.

Sirs,
I had two teeth which ached terribly and the only relief I could get was by taking an 'ASPRO' tablet every hour. In a short time the pain had completely gone. I had the teeth extracted and the usual bad after-effects, but by taking 'ASPRO' I can honestly say that they relieved all pain and stiffness of gums.

(Sgd.) Miss M. JOWETT

EVAN WILLIAMS

Essential to hair health!

SHAMPOO.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write to R. G. Turnley & Son, 366 Flinders Street, Melbourne.

An Editorial

APRIL 12, 1941.

CHEERS FOR H.M.A.S. STUART



WE used to look across the Harbor and say, "There's our navy — both of it."

We used to see the little old destroyer Stuart puffing through the Heads and say, "They used a new ball of string to hold her together last week."

But if H.M.A.S. Stuart is old, she is also of the right vintage.

In the Royal Navy's magnificent action in the Ionian Sea the sea-worn Stuart sailed right into the battle and took on three spanking modern enemy cruisers and a destroyer.

With one salvo she blew away the destroyer's bridge, then smote it bow and stern. This took place between hot exchanges with a couple of cruisers.

Next time H.M.A.S. Stuart sails into an Australian port there'll be cheers and bunting instead of good-humored railery on her age and infirmity.

She'll come back not as a limping veteran ready to be pensioned off but as a hero packing a punch to be respected.

And the men aboard will get a welcome that would put even a gob's nose out of joint.

"These Australians again! They always seem to be in the thick of things," said a British naval spokesman.

And without complacency Australia may fairly take that tribute as earned.

Australia's fighting men are not daunted by superior weapons in the hands of the enemy, and they don't need super guns to give them stomach for a fight.

The Stuart's epic proved that as inheritors of naval tradition they are no distant branch of the British family, but direct descendants from Drake and Nelson.

—THE EDITOR.

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

Signaller R. Moon in Libya to relatives at Mirboo North, Vic.:

"YOU should see me now, sitting up in bed writing this. Our present quarters are located in a big pub, with all conveniences. I could just about put in the duration around about here.

"I have just spent a day climbing up and down telephone poles re-establishing communication in this area. Now that we have captured all this country we have to protect the Italian settlers from the Arabs.

"The Arabs wiped out quite a few families while things were unsettled, and as things are now I think the Italians (that is the settlers) are glad we have taken the place. They make us very welcome wherever we go.

"It was a sight for sore eyes to leave the desert behind and run into this belt of land, to find green trees and bushes and even grass. The land seems to be rich, but there are belts of stony ground.

"There is only a light yearly rainfall. This time it appears to have come down all in one lump, and jumps of ice at that.

"We have no prospect of leave for a little while yet. There is still a lot to do—communications to put in order right through and patrol work."

Driver L. J. Nood, in Palestine, to his wife of 28 James St., Punchbowl, N.S.W.:

"ON the way to this spot we passed an Arab wedding. All the women were decked out in very fine colored dresses. A horse and cart with the wedding presents went along in front of the party.

"The presents included a tin bath-tub and half a wagon load of firewood. As it passed down the road the friends of the couple threw in their gifts.

"Firewood in this country is scarce, so by giving wood the people are giving the couple a great gift and also saving the bride a lot of work, as she has to go out and gather the firewood."

Lance-Corporal V. R. Druce, in Libya, to Miss L. Malin, at Station Ave., Blackwood, S.A.:

"YESTERDAY I went on leave to Benghazi but had rather a poor day as everything is closed up and it is hard to get a meal.

"The lunch we had consisted of camel steak and cold, boiled eggs and lettuce topped off with a glass of wine, which we didn't like at all.

"We laughed when a 'Jerry' came over. As soon as the anti-aircraft guns opened up the people started to run—talk about facial expressions, some were really funny.

"At present we are spelling off in an old fort near the sea—not a bad place. We have a generating set which supplies power for lights and wireless.

"I was stationed outside Benghazi for a few days in a beautiful grove of date palms.

Winnie the War Winner



"I just thought I'd give you a hand mine-sweeping to-day!"

From there I moved back to an old zoo. Some of the cages are great, being built in different styles in stone.

"Nearby is a fair-sized salt-water lake teeming with fish. You see them jumping out of the water. I tried every way I knew but couldn't catch any. I believe the natives blow them up.

"The country around here is looking very nice at present—red, yellow, and white flowers set among green grasses. If I can get any seed I'll forward some on."

Private Gordon Mockenzie, in Palestine, to Mrs. Carson McLaughlin, Buckleton, Springsure, Qld.:

THE rainy season is here now, and from a dry, dusty state when we first landed the country has turned into miles and miles of cultivated land growing grain, and, where not cultivated, is covered with herbage and wildflowers.

"One of the prettiest to my mind is a kind of poppy, very deep red, with black centre, and rather shorter stem than our garden poppy.

"There are dozens of different varieties all round here, lots of them of the daisy family.

"One does not fully appreciate a country like Australia till one leaves it. Still, lots of our trees and flowers grow over here, eucalyptus and peppermint, and the old pest, 'frying-pan' pear, which is used here for hedges; also Vinca Rosea, Geranium Bougainvillea, and others.

"While on leave last week-end I saw in the Jordan Valley, near the Dead Sea, a species of saltbush almost identical with the good 'old man' variety in Queensland."

A private, convalescent in Palestine, to his sister at East Geelong, Vic.:

"IT is lovely here now, and seems so quiet after the noise of Egypt. The weather is beginning to warm up again and yesterday we decided to venture in the breakers, and did we enjoy it!

"It was beautiful, and not a bit cold, and we stayed in for quite a long while.

"Last Saturday we had a donkey race here, bookmakers and all, and, gee, was it good! Our boys rode the donkeys, and you should have seen the line-up at the barrier.

"At the start some headed in the wrong direction, and other jockeys had coppers running in front with bunches of carrots.

"Everybody had to laugh, it looked so funny. I've never laughed so much for weeks and weeks."

Aircraftman A. H. Humphries, to his mother, at Primrose St., Rosebery, Tas.:

I CAN personally recommend Italian bully beef, condensed milk, and mineral water.

"Their cognac I am not so fond of. I have seen its effect on a couple of chaps who went for it in a big way. They were very sick and sorry.

"One thing I must say, I am distinctly antagonistic to the Italians since I found four bottles of the same size and type as their mineral-water bottles. Two contained petrol and two castor oil. Fortunately I smelt them before drinking."

Leading-Aircraftman Keith Staunton, with the R.A.A.F. in Canada, to his mother in Murwillumbah, N.S.W.:

"WE are having a marvellous time over here despite the cold. At present I have on three sweaters, a scarf, overcoat, and gloves.

"Two of our sergeants had their ears frozen during parade to-day. The temperature is 28 degrees below zero.

"Occasionally we have hot winds which are called 'Chinooks.' They can be seen coming across the Rockies a day before they reach here.

"We have our own ice-rink and play a lot of hockey. I was picked to play with the Aussies against the New Zealand boys. We won, my contribution being six goals.

"I went to Banff to see the annual winter carnival. It was a sight I shall never forget.

"The ski jumps started 2800 feet above us on the mountain. It takes the men three hours to walk up and three minutes to come down.

"They are travelling at a speed of 60 miles per hour. The last competitor fell and broke his shoulder.

"At night they had a queen crowning ceremony. A Winnipeg girl won it this year. The Indians hold a pow-wow around the queen, and the girls dance with the Indians.

"The crowd and the girls and men in the bright ski suits against the snow-capped mountain background made a sight impossible to describe.

"We get more invitations to private homes than we can accept. We never walk anywhere. Someone always stops and offers us a lift."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY... By WEP





ZERO HOUR

For every soldier, zero hour—the breathless pause before action—will remain the great memory of his life. Here, in simple soldier language, is one A.I.F. man's story of that terrible, magnificent moment at Bardia.

THE march to the wire was most exciting. First of all deathly silence, the only noise being the swish of feet through the tufts of saltbush.

The line moved silently, now outwards, now inwards, as we dressed by the centre at so many paces interval.

We moved on thus for about half an hour when suddenly the barrage opened.

First one gun flashed and the shell screamed over us to land about half a mile in front, then a million shells screamed over us, and the sky became red with flashes and streaks.

It was at this moment that our feelings, pent up for 12 months, were released. We were no longer silent, but shouted joyously to one another encouraging words, threats, and insults at the Dagoes, and exhortations to our guns.

We pushed on towards the barrage, now lying down, now moving forward, closer to the sheet of fire and explosion.

Suddenly a shell landed in one of the platoons. The Dago fire had begun.

I was thrown violently forward, but managed to keep my feet. The man on my right went down, but was up again in a flash.

Things were so warm that the next one might have landed at my feet. "Any minute now—any second," I said to myself, and if I had never prayed before I was praying now, swiftly, silently, subconsciously repeating the Lord's Prayer over and over again.

Yet wonderful to relate I still kept on. The result of 12 months' training, I suppose.

Then came the merciful respite of 10 minutes. "Wire-cutting party," someone called, and half a dozen fellows carrying the Bangalore torpedoes pushed forward through the line of the company into the misty front.

We watched these fellows. They were clearly lit up by the enemy flares and Vercy lights until they disappeared into the tank ditch.

In the meantime, the wall of fire lifted and fell further back.

Around us still fell enemy shells, but these mostly went over our heads.

Those of the enemy who occupied the line on our immediate front must have been thoroughly cowed for they made no attempt to engage us with small arms fire, though they could not help but see us in the light of their flares.

Into the darkness

NOTHING stood out particularly except the memory of the wire-cutting party disappearing into the dust and smoke and darkness.

Will they succeed? Suddenly there was a loud explosion. The line once again scrambled to its feet. The wire is cut and we push on to the ditch.

The whole of the defences had been surrounded by tank traps of various shapes and sizes.

Even as we scrambled through the ditch the wire-cutting party returned and were already engaged busily with picks and shovels in filling in the ditch.

We became a little disorganised as we scrambled up the other side to push on, but were steadied by a reassuring voice saying: "What company is that?"

"O Company," Lieutenant Travers replied, and peering through the smoke we saw the colonel standing near the wire.

"There's the gap," indicating the place with his walking-stick. "Good luck, boys."

We stumbled on. We made for what appeared to be a gap, but what really was the wire, and suddenly head over heels went one of our officers into the blasted stuff.

The humor of the situation burst upon him and he roared with laughter.

There he was upside down in the wire, shells going off all round, and the boys all grinning like apes.

It was too funny for words.

As we later learned, the wire-cutting party of the right forward company had not been so successful in making the break, so that the company had been held up, and our company were the first through the wire. There are already thousands who claim that distinction as there are those who claim the distinction of being last to leave Gallipoli.

Let them claim it, because only wishful thinking leads them to make

the boast. They would have liked to have been first through the wire, and by dint of pretending for long enough have pretended themselves into our company.

Actually Lieutenants Kennedy and MacPherson led the two leading platoons in together.

Sergeant Bris Bourke led the reserve platoon in immediately behind them.

As the boys went through, an official photographer was taking a movie shot of them.

He was the first man in!



Are you only HALF the man you could be?

Why get up in the mornings feeling half asleep?
Why go off to work feeling half alive?
And come home in the evening feeling half dead?
What you need, my boy, is a tonic!
Kruschen Salts will buck you up.
Kruschen cleanses your stomach, makes you ready for meals.
Kruschen flushes your kidneys, braces your liver, clears your system of poisons, neutralises acidity, sweetens your breath, invigorates your blood.
Kruschen washes you internally. Kruschen puts you into top gear.

KRUSCHEN

The TONIC Salts

Kruschen does not form a habit, so there is never need to increase the dose—as much as will cover a sixpence; tasteless in tea; almost tasteless in hot water. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at chemists and stores.

K7.13.41

BOYS & GIRLS! ENTER THIS SIMPLE COMPETITION!

FREE 200 PAIRS! BALL BEARING ROLLER SKATES

200 BOYS & GIRLS COMPETITION TENNIS RACQUETS

So Easy To Enter!

All you have to do is to write in not more than 25 words, why you like "BREAKFAST D-LIGHT".

The judges will decide monthly which entries they think the best, and award to the successful Competitor a pair of Boy's or Girl's Ball Bearing Roller Skates or a Slazenger Competition Tennis Racquet during the Competition (i.e., 10th March to 29th August, 1941).

Prizes will be given each month and winners' names published in "Sydney Morning Herald" and Brisbane "Courier Mail" on April 28, May 27, June 24, July 28, August 26, September 2.

BREAKFAST D-LIGHT



Facts about "BREAKFAST D-LIGHT", which will assist you: It is delicious in flavour, easily digested, non-heating, the ideal "all-year-round breakfast".

Typical Competitor's Entry:

"BREAKFAST D-LIGHT" is our favourite breakfast. Baby enjoys it as well as Grandpa. Mother uses it to make delicious Scones and Custards."

Follow these Simple Instructions

- 1.—Write out your 25 words and give full name and address.
- 2.—Cut from the side Panel of a packet of "BREAKFAST D-LIGHT" the printed words "How to Prepare" and attach to each entry.
- 3.—Competition closes on August 29, 1941. Prizes will be awarded month to month. The judges' decision is final, and no correspondence will be entered into.
- 4.—The envelope containing entry must be addressed to—CAPTAIN JOHN H. "Breakfast D-Light", Box 12, Haymarket P.O., SYDNEY.

World record for 1 mile on Roller Skates: 2 min. 39.10 secs.
You need **BREAKFAST D-LIGHT** to get near this!

New Under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not red dress—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
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4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

15 MILLION jars of ArRID have been sold. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 4/- jar.

All Chemists and stores selling toilet goods.
Distributors: Farnett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

Don't Endure Slipping FALSE TEETH

Do your false teeth drop or slip when you talk, eat, laugh or sneeze? Don't be annoyed and embarrassed a minute longer. **FASTEETH**, a new powder to sprinkle on your plates, keeps teeth firm. Gives fine feeling of security and comfort. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste. Get **FASTEETH** to-day at any chemist. (2 sizes.)

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Historical novel hits at history

"Oliver Wiswell," Kenneth Roberts' latest novel, is said to have broken all records as a best seller in the United States since "Kitty Foyle."

It has sold so far half a million copies.

That must be gratifying to the already successful author of "North-west Passage," but its enormous sales have a significance gratifying from another point of view.

ONLY in a democratic country could such a book be published.

For "Oliver Wiswell" tells the story of the American War of Independence from an unusual standpoint—that of the loyalists who sided with Britain.

Indeed, through the eyes of Oliver Wiswell, son of a Boston loyalist lawyer, he sees the revolution as a sorry thing which might have been avoided; which brought untold misery to most Americans on both sides.

What he has to say about the rebels who aroused the colonists to war by no means agrees with the average conception of the United States' struggle for freedom.

His scorn for the "riff-raff" who terrorised the loyalist section which wished to settle the differences with Britain by peaceful means is only exceeded by his scorn for British ineptitude in the conduct of the war.

Many American heroes are painted as anything but heroic; many

Americans who fought for the British are interpreted not as villains, but as gallant men.

For, as Oliver points out, the war was not, as we have come to think of it, Americans against British. It was Americans against Americans.

"Intolerance brings on civil war," he says, "and intolerance is the greatest curse of every land though every man likes to think his own land is free of it."

We all know from the scant accounts of our history books that America resented the British taxes; that lack of understanding on the part of the British Government precipitated the war; that failure of British generals to



KENNETH ROBERTS, whose new novel, "Oliver Wiswell," is reviewed on this page.



OLIVER WISWELL, hero of Kenneth Roberts' new book, as imagined by artist Grant Wood in his cover design for the novel.

consolidate victories led to their eventual defeat.

Kenneth Roberts sheds a new and lively light on those cold pages.

Following Oliver Wiswell, first as an observer, then as a soldier, through the years from 1776 to 1783, we find General Howe, in command of the British forces, dallying with the pretty wife of a Boston lawyer instead of fortifying Dorchester Heights after his nominal victory, the Battle of Bunker's Hill.

We see the same General Howe, pleased with his easy victory at Kip's Bay, wasting three hours at tea with another fair lady while the rebel army escaped.

We are told that when General Howe's forces failed to meet those of Burgoyne, and thus lost the battle of Saratoga, it was because Lord Germaine, Minister for Colonial Affairs, had gone to Brighton for the week-end and forgotten to send Howe his orders!

Oliver sees Washington's army as so badly organised, ill equipped, ill led that only shocking carelessness and political intrigue at home could have lost the war for England.

He goes to London during the war. There Benjamin Thompson, American secretary to England's

Minister for Colonial Affairs, tells him:

"You'll never understand Howe's behaviour, Oliver, until you understand English politics."

"Never in any nation has anything been seen like the malignant and daringly outspoken treason of the Whigs (now the Opposition) . . . You'll find General Howe is a Whig . . . If he put down the rebellion in America he'd have won a great victory for the Government . . . Single-handed, he would have defeated his own friends, his own party."

In Paris Oliver, as an agent for the loyalists, found proof that the French Government intended to help the rebels then attack England. When Sir William Eden, Under-Secretary of State, took the papers to the King, stubborn George III refused to believe them.

"Perhaps, Sally," says Oliver to his young bride in the closing chapter, "something great will come of all that agony and all those deaths, all that intolerance and all that cruelty. Perhaps something great will come even to that rabble some day, as well as to us."

The love-story of the book is slight. Sally, the rebel's daughter of whom Oliver dreams for eight years before they are reunited, is a shadowy figure.

The humor, too, is sparse, and rather heavy-handed.

"Oliver Wiswell," by Kenneth Roberts, (Angus & Robertson.) Our copy from Angus & Robertson.



Make sure of HOLIDAY HEALTH

Take Eno
with you!



In these strenuous times you must make the most of any holidays you can manage to get. The change from routine to freedom . . . different food and water can easily upset your stomach and spoil your holiday. So pack a bottle of Eno's "Fruit Salt." A sparkling glass of Eno first thing every morning will ensure that your system is kept free of poisons, correct acidity and keep you fit to enjoy your holiday to the full.

Eno costs only 2/4 in an ideal size for holidays.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

"Did you
notice her
hair?"



How attractive it is. Glossy, thick—admired by all . . . "lucky girl," they say! But it's not just luck . . . it's careful attention, plus the magic of vitalising CRYSTOLIS treatment.

If your hair is dull and lifeless, or flaked with dandruff, if dead hairs come out when you brush . . . don't shrug and think you're just unlucky. Act now to give it rich, glowing lustre . . . and begin massaging fragrant CRYSTOLIS Rapid into your scalp tonight. Tingling, deep-penetrating CRYSTOLIS acts three ways to beautify

your hair . . . it cleanses and refreshes; it destroys dandruff and tones up the scalp; it checks falling hair and stimulates new, vigorous hair growth.

Enjoy seeing your hair rich and abundant, silky-clean and neat—gleaming with new, fashionable sheen. Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser for CRYSTOLIS Rapid to-day.



CRYSTOLIS Rapid

Recognised as World's most effective Scalp Treatment and Aid to Hair Growth.
Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.



"I'll never propose to a girl again as long as I live."
"What, jilted?"
"No, accepted!"

HE who laughs LASTS



WAITER: Looks very much like rain, sir.
DINER: Yes, but it doesn't taste as nice.

MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead



"Look here, you've been in there half an hour and haven't said a word."
"But I'm ringing up my wife!"



"So you're a young lady with both feet on the ground?"
"Yes, but I take orders from a man with both feet on a desk."

Take 3 Inches Off Your Chest-Line!

ARE you embarrassed by a large over-size bust that hangs in shapeless, unsightly fat? Do you want to reduce your bust and restore the firm, shapely contour of youth? Now you can reduce that chest-line by 3 to 5 inches. Let me tell you how FREE.



TAKE OFF FLABBY, SAGGING FAT!
Don't let a large, soft bust spoil your figure, make you old, and give you that settled effect. It is now so easy to regain that slim, trim figure of youth.
TRY THIS TODAY!
Test this wonderful method in your own home, and if it doesn't reduce your bust, I'll refund you nothing. I want you to try it. I want you to PROVE, as hundreds of other women have proved, that you, too, can reduce your bust with this wonderful new treatment.

SENT FREE!

If you send me the coupon below, now, I will send you something that will amaze you—at no cost or obligation to yourself! But hurry!

SEND NO MONEY

JOAN POWELL, STUDIO W3,
24 Clarence St., Sydney, N.S.W.
Please send me, with no obligation, your "Amazing Something." I enclose a 2d. stamp for postage.
Name _____
Address _____
22/4/41.

BRAINWAVES

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

SERGEANT (lecturing recruits):
You know, men, that your rifle is your best friend. Take every care of it; treat it as you would your wife, and rub it all over with an oily rag every day.
"JUST as we kissed, her father rushed in threateningly."
"Did your flesh creep?"
"Yes, every bit of it crept under the sofa."
"I'll marry you on one condition," said the girl novelist. "That is that you let me continue with my career."
"Let you?" he answered enthusiastically. "Darling, I'm depending on it!"
"I ATE twelve eggs and two dozen slices of ham at the party for a wager."
"With no evil consequences?"
"Well, I haven't been invited to any more parties."
"YES, he takes me to the museum every Saturday."
"Really! What is he studying?"
"Economy."
BROWN of face, the young man returned to the office after his summer holiday. Proudly he slipped off his coat and displayed his muscles.
"Look at these arms!" he boasted.
"Not bad," replied a colleague.
"How did you do it? Rowing?"
"Rowing!" he scoffed. "I got them hauling in fish!"

For A Happy Easter LOOK AFTER YOUR FEET WITH

Zam-Buk

WHATEVER you do at Easter, it means a lot of extra work for your feet. Walking, cycling, playing games, gardening, or a day at the races or seaside—you can't have a really enjoyable time if your feet are letting you down. Therefore, be kind to your feet, for they are the foundation of a good holiday.
After bathing your feet in warm water, dry them thoroughly, then gently rub Zam-Buk Ointment into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus
Pain, Swelling and Inflammation are quickly relieved. Hard skin and corns are softened and easily removed; blisters are healed, joints, ankles, toes, and feet are made easy, and you will walk in perfect comfort. So don't forget—Zam-Buk means happy feet this Easter holiday.
1/6 or 3/6. All chemists and stores.



Navy, Army or Air Force.
Wherever he is serving, he will welcome Zam-Buk. So don't forget to slip a box into your next parcel.



Use ZAM-BUK Regularly

EXCITEMENT OVER NEW BEAUTY CREAM



(Dorothy Leyland tells why)

So there is something new under the sun! A beauty cream that positively does subtract years from your looks — no empty promises, mind you! If you'd like your mirror to show you a soft, supple skin — free from that wind-and-weather look — get acquainted with this new type of cream, SKIN DEEP.

Non-Alkaline—An Absolute Breakaway.

Notice, I said new type of cream—not just a new cream. Skin Deep is non-alkaline, the first and only cream of its kind. For beauty's greatest debt to science is the recent discovery that skin needs a non-alkaline cream.

Absorbed by the skin 87% more.

SKIN DEEP actually goes skin deep, to enrich the tissues below the surface of your skin. Glorious for your nightly beauty treatment (not to be neglected in this drying climate) because SKIN DEEP doesn't leave your face "all greased up," but dewy and refreshed.



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A-137

★ THE SPOTLIGHT'S ON YOUR HAIR!



Now he's growing up, he gives his hair the same cure as his Dad does!

Barry's Tri-coph-erous ensures the well-groomed, efficient appearance that carries a man far on the road to success. You need no other hair dressing when you use Barry's Tri-coph-erous.

Use Barry's Tri-coph-erous to stop Falling Hair, Dandruff, Premature Greyness, Dry or brittle hair, Over-oily or itching scalp.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous
FAMOUS HAIR TONIC AND DRESSING
Sold by all Chemists & Stores. 3/3 bottle.

Kidney Trouble Causes Backache, Getting Up Nights

If you're feeling out of sorts, Get Up Nights, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Burning Passages, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, Kidney Trouble is the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way
Many doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and sure way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescrip-

★ NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE

Gary Cooper, Madeleine Carroll, Paulette Goddard. (Paramount.)

THIS C. B. de Mille production, filmed in lavish technicolor, is a big, sprawling, lusty melodrama in the grand old tradition.

In the Canadian Northwoods there are the strong hero, the weak friend, the beautiful, fiery half-breed girl, and the golden-haired heroine.

There are also battles and massacres—all pointed by technicolor—as well as herds of whooping, savage Indians.

But the real triumph is the introduction into this tumult of a Texas Ranger. He is Gary Cooper, who comes up to the Northwoods to "get his man," and finds the criminal wanted by the Mounties, too.

Gary Cooper's dry humor is excellent; you will, too, enjoy Lynne Overman's preposterous Scottish scout.

The other members of the cast have to forgo comedy. But the performance of Preston Foster should make him a star. Madeleine Carroll looks exquisite in technicolor, and the stormy melodrama lovers—Robert Preston and Paulette Goddard—look picturesque.

Although the film is too long and theatrical, its whole-hearted gusto makes it enjoyable entertainment for that uncritical mood—Prince Edward; showing.

★ MR. AND MRS. SMITH

Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery. (RKO.)

DIRECTOR Alfred Hitchcock, of "Rebecca" and "Foreign Correspondent" fame, directed this marital farce, starring Carole Lombard and Robert (comeback) Montgomery.

Carole and Montgomery as Mr. and Mrs. Smith have been happily married for three years when they learn that their marriage is void because of a legal technicality. Angry with Montgomery for not insisting on remarrying her on the day they receive this bad news, Carole righteously orders him out of the house.

Then she takes a job in a shop and flirts outrageously with Montgomery's lawyer-partner, Gene Raymond, to make her "husband" jealous.

Here's hot news from all the studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood.

MARGARET SULLIVAN, actress wife of agent Leland Haywood, has a son. Proud Margaret is delighted. She wanted a boy—her first two are both girls, Brooke Haywood, aged three, and Bridget Haywood, aged eighteen months.

The Haywoods have not yet made up their minds whether to call the youngster after father. But it's certain he won't be named either "Henry" or "William"—Margaret's first husband was actor Henry Fonda and her second director William Wyler.

IDA LUPINO is having all the books in her bedroom covered with gingham to match her color scheme.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

Fans will welcome the appearance of Montgomery after a considerable absence from the screen, of the vivacious Carole in a comedy, and of Gene Raymond in a really worthwhile role. Jack Carson has a brief comedy bit.—Century; showing.

★ TREE OF LIBERTY

Cary Grant, Martha Scott. (Columbia.)

IT was inevitable that Elizabeth Page's romantic novel of the American Revolution should be turned into a film by Hollywood—and here it is, with Cary Grant as the young patriot hero and Martha Scott, of "Our Town," as his gently-born, courageous wife.

Following the book faithfully, the film deals with events leading up to and during the Revolution. The central figure is Matt Howard (Cary Grant), who risks his personal happiness to fight on the side of the revolutionaries, of course, in the best Robert W. Chambers tradition.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke appears as Howard's snobbish brother-in-law, who is on the side of the Tory aristocrats. Surprise casting, young Richard Carlson plays the historically famous Thomas Jefferson, Governor of Virginia.

It is a spectacular, lavishly costumed production.—State; showing.

★ HIT PARADE OF 1941

Frances Langford, Ann Miller. (Republic.)

HIGH spots of "The Hit Parade of 1941" are the singing of Frances Langford and Kenny Baker, dancing by Ann Miller, and the comedy of "Woo-Hoo" Hugh Herbert.

The plot centres on a group of people who are working at a television station. Kenny Baker and Hugh Herbert, who plays Baker's uncle, own the station. Mary Boland is an important programme sponsor. Frances Langford is the station's singer, with whom Baker falls in love, while Ann Miller is

the brunette menace to this romance.

Among the musical performers are Borrah Minevitch and his Harmonica Rascals, and Six Hits and a Miss.

The comedy is handled by Herbert, Patsy Kelly, Phil Silvers (from Broadway), and Sterling Holloway.—Cameo and Capitol; showing.

★ THE POWER AND THE GLORY

Kairin Rosselle, Eric Bush, Lou Vernon. (Argosy.)

WRITTEN and directed by Noel Monkman, this Australian film has a wartime adventure theme.

A Czech professor (Lou Vernon), who refuses to give the Nazis a formula for poison gas, escapes to Australia with his daughter (Kairin Rosselle), only to be pursued by Nazi agents.

The official co-operation of the R.A.A.P. gives the Australian scenes some thrilling and spectacular sequences—for in the story the Czechs are befriended by a young pilot, who fights sabotage and plot on their behalf.

"The Power and the Glory" is uneven, alternating from the very good to the very bad.

Very good are those aerial scenes, the German suspense sequences, the performances of Lou Vernon as the professor and Peter Finch as a pilot in the same squadron as the hero.

Confident of general appeal on the grounds of patriotic propaganda, the film will be found enjoyable also by those who like their melodrama strong.—Mayfair; showing.

Shows Still Running

*** Escape. Norma Shearer, Robert Taylor in excellent screen version of Ethel Vance's best seller. St. James, 4th week.

*** Pride and Prejudice. Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier in vivid period comedy. Liberty, 15th week.

TWO saddle-horses found new homes when Bette Davis and her husband, Arthur Farnsworth, gave each other presents. Bette's is a three-quarters Arabian and is named Aladdin. Her husband's is just described as a "horse."

JAMES CAGNEY's face is as red as his hair at the moment, and it is all the fault of Brother Bill. Coming on to the set, Bill waved a certificate at Jimmy and then proceeded to read it aloud to the cast of "Strawberry Blonde."

As he read, guffaws arose from Jimmy's co-workers, and Bill was soon fleeing from the set, pursued by his brother.

The certificate, dug up from an old trunk in the attic at home, proclaimed James Cagney to be a graduate, "beautiful," and admirably suited to the work of waving and shampooing lady's locks. He took the course at a hairdressing school at the time that the Irene Castle bob had promised to make him rich overnight, but he lacked the courage to practise the trade.

Coughing, Strangling Asthma, Bronchitis Curbed in 3 Minutes

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you choke and gasp for breath and can't sleep? Do you cough so hard you feel like you were being ruptured? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is new hope for you in a Doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No doses, no needles, no injections, no stunts. All you do is take two tablets at meals and your attacks seem to vanish like magic. In 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood aiding nature to dissolve and remove advancing phlegm, promote free easy breathing and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years
Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing,

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent

★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars — below average.

★★ High Sierra. Humphrey Bogart, Ida Lupino in grim gangster drama. Plaza, 3rd week.

★ No, No, Nanette. Anna Neagle, Richard Carlson in gay, musical comedy. Regent, 3rd week.

★ Dr. Cyclops. Albert Decker, Janice Logan in entertaining novelty in technicolor. Lyceum, 2nd week.

★ The Housemaster. Otto Kruger, Diana Churchill in British comedy-drama. Embassy, 2nd week.

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choking and strangling every night, couldn't sleep, expected to die. Mendaco stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

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The Movie World

April 12, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

MOVIE WORLD

21



Easter in Hollywood

The lovely Deanna Durbin sings an Easter hymn in a chapel decorated with giant bowls of lilies. Each Easter every church within a

few miles' radius of Hollywood is crowded with worshippers. Most of the well-known singing stars like Deanna take part in the services.

LORD NELSON and his Emma



• A Romney portrait of Lady Hamilton is re-created by Vivien Leigh (above) with charming fidelity. Vivien Leigh's make-up was copied from such pictures.



• Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson as played by Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier in the United Artists film. Above, their first meeting. Right, their reunion at Naples after Battle of Nile. Left: Lady Hamilton at the Court of Naples.



"LADY HAMILTON" may be Vivien Leigh's farewell to Hollywood

VIVIEN LEIGH may have made her last picture in Hollywood!

Does this sound fantastic? Not to the people who heard Vivien's brief, significant statement made on the eve of her recent departure with her husband, Laurence Olivier, for England.

"No matter where Laurence goes," she said, "I will stay as close as possible to him."

For the past year Vivien has encouraged Olivier in his determination to join the R.A.F. British officials, both in England and in America, told Olivier that there was "no necessity" for him to join up. Motion picture industry heads warned him against the "folly" of such a proceeding.

Olivier remained, however, in a fever of impatience to get back to Britain. It was due solely to Vivien's tact and gentleness that his resentment against the last Hollywood contracts he had to fulfil was not reflected in his work.

It was Vivien who encouraged him to commence flying lessons here in California, that he might be prepared for the future. While Olivier was rushing from United Artists studio to the air field for daily instruction, Vivien was spending all her spare moments

knitting a woollen aviation kit for him.

They say, too, that the teaming of Laurence and Vivien in the Lord Nelson-Lady Hamilton film was Vivien's own idea. Alexander Korda had planned that the pair should work out their strict contract in "Cyrano de Bergerac." Vivien thought that the role of Lord Nelson, with its thrilling portrayal of naval heroism, might make Olivier feel that he was, in some small

I have just seen a photograph of the pair, taken as they walked along a London street. Neither is glamorous. Olivier is in muffler and mackintosh. Vivien, in her scarf, her greatcoat, her flat-heeled shoes, looks like any English girl of to-day. And they both look happier than at any time since the outbreak of war.

What will Vivien do while Olivier is in the air force? According to her own statement, "war-work." This may mean joining one of the stage companies which, working under incredible conditions, carry on with the job of brightening the life of troops and civilians in England to-day.

A large section of Hollywood thinks the actress crazy. She has left Hollywood at the brilliant peak of success. Every studio wants her—in fact, she still has one more film to make for David O. Selznick. Mr. Selznick himself says that in "Jane Eyre" he will make a choice of leading ladies among Joan Fontaine, Katharine Hepburn and Vivien Leigh.

To Vivien, however, Olivier comes first—as he has done since the time she came out here from England to see him, and so was "discovered" for the role of Scarlett O'Hara.

If Hollywood does see Vivien again, before the war is over, if she does put the Atlantic between herself and her husband, it will be for one reason only—because Olivier has insisted on it!

From CHRISTINE WEBB
in Hollywood

measure, helping the spread of British sentiment.

Certainly Olivier brought all the enthusiasm and study of his stage training to the portrayal of England's hero. The production, which has now been named "The Enchantress," in courtesy to Vivien's Lady Hamilton, is said to be the finest work that Olivier, Korda and Vivien herself have done.

As soon as the picture was finished, however, Olivier was free to leave America, and he and Vivien did not wait even for the preview.

They took the first available Clipper in a journey which introduced them to the perils of war. Their plane was machine-gunned in the English Channel.

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SOFTEST, FINEST
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REALLY CLINGS
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*new and
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and on her lips—

Pond's "LIPS"

— that stays on much longer

Pond's "LIPS" is fatal to men. Pond's "LIPS" will break a man's heart clean in two—but never your own, because it stays on much longer. The last sip of coffee, the last dance, or the last kiss—will find your Pond's "LIPS" still glorious with irresistible colour.

Pond's "LIPS" stay as glamorous under the bright sunlight as electric light. Each shade is blended scientifically to keep its warm intriguing colour.

Six smart shades of Pond's Lipstick to choose from at all chemists and stores.

**Pond's
Lipstick—**
Stays on longer





Errol Flynn in modern role

WARNERS' comedy thriller, "Footsteps in the Dark," gives its star, Errol Flynn, his first modern role since "Four's a Crowd," made in 1938.

As a result of his comedy work in "Footsteps in the Dark," Warners plan to give him alternate comedy and dramatic roles for the future.

Flynn is cast as Francis Warren, an enterprising young author, who sets out to solve a murder single-handed, and so involves himself and his wife, Rita (Brenda Marshall), in serious trouble with the police.

Lucille Watson plays Rita's mother, Lee Patrick is strip-tease queen, "Blondie," Ralph Bellamy a talkative dentist, while Alan Hale and William Frawley have the roles of police detectives.

1 SUSPECTED of philandering by wife and mother-in-law, wealthy stockbroker Warren really spends mysterious nights away from home writing thrillers.



2 THE POLICE pooch-pooch Warren's amateur detective theory that a wealthy city business man, client of Warren, has been murdered.



3 FANCYING himself as a sleuth, Warren looks up dead man's friend, "Blondie."

+ + +

4 "BLONDIE'S" alibi for the time of the murder is supported by her dentist.



5 WARREN'S jealous wife hires private detective just to watch her husband.



6 THE PLOT thickens when Warren and chauffeur find "Blondie" slain.



7 WARREN'S home is invaded by police, who find conduct of husband and wife so suspicious that they arrest them for "Blondie's" murder, claiming robbery is motive.

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The Lotion in the Round Bottle with Orange Label OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES



● Here are the most beautiful legs in pictures—1941 winners in an annual contest conducted by the Hollywood Physical Culture Foundation. Their owner is Virginia Gilmore, of Fox.

Six people have say

If Virginia Gilmore wants to marry

By JOAN McLEOD
in Hollywood

It's great fun using PAVE-OL PAVING PAINT



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BEFORE she can marry, petite, twenty-one-year-old Virginia Gilmore must obtain the consent of six people. They are Darryl Zanuck, of Twentieth Century-Fox, and Samuel Goldwyn, the two producers who jointly own her film contract, her mother, her agent, and the casting directors of Fox and Goldwyn.

This unusual proviso is in her film contract.

Virginia says she finds the arrangement no hardship—at present!

Bright-eyed Virginia is a comparative newcomer to the screen, but not to Hollywood. For twelve months she roamed round the movie studios, studying famous players at work, before she played one role.

Goldwyn himself sponsored this experiment. He made a special arrangement with Fox, United Artists, and Warners.

English army father

THE daughter of a retired English army captain, Virginia was born Sherman Poole in Virginia.

Her parents early decided to train their attractive child for the stage. They carefully selected schools known for the success and scope of their dramatic classes.

Three years ago she was playing in a San Francisco theatre when a Goldwyn talent scout saw her.

She has crammed five films into the last eight months. After leads in two small pictures, "Manhattan Heartbeat" and "Jennie," Fox gave her the top feminine roles in two major films, "Tall, Dark, and Handsome" and "Western Union."

Virginia has just received thrilling news. As soon as she finishes "Western Union" she will go into "The Little Foxes," playing second lead to Bette Davis—the star whom she has so often watched from studio sidelines.

Nicknames... are amusing

¶ The dignified Jeanette MacDonald is "Jam" to her best friends; her initials spell this word. Her middle name is Ann. Marlene Dietrich is "Legs," while Claudette Colbert still gets "Shoeshine," the school-days twist of her real surname, "Chauchain."

¶ Suave Cesar Romero is known as "Butch" to his pals. Gracie Allen is "Googie," and Eddie Albert is used to "Tiger."

¶ None of his friends dreams of calling Humphrey Bogart anything but "Bogey." Ida Lupino is "Lupey," whether she likes it or not, and Barbara Stanwyck is "Stannie" for short. "Coop" may mean Gary Cooper or Jackie Cooper.

¶ Good-natured Tracy never gets Spencer—just "Spence," and ginger-topped James Cagney is, inevitably, known as "Red."

¶ The most amusing nicknames of all, however, are given to Alan Mowbray's two children, Alan, jun., and Patricia. Mowbray's friends call them simply "A.M." and "P.M."

Easier to fire Helen than to say "You Need Mum"



Life's more fun... success is surer... for the girl who guards her charm with Mum!

WHY didn't somebody tip Helen off? One of the other girls could have done it. But it's hard to mention a fault like underarm odour. That's why every girl should use Mum each day.

Nowadays in business—if a girl's not smart enough to know the penalties of offending, she's just not smart enough! It's so easy to understand that underarms perspire... that a bath, while it's grand for post perspiration, can't prevent risk of odour to come!

That task goes to Mum! For Mum is especially made to keep underarms fresh—but by neutralising

the odour, Mum guards the charm of thousands of girls each and every day, and the whole live-long day, too!

MUM SAVES TIME! 30 seconds and you're through. Slip right into your dress. No delay at all.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum is harmless to fabrics. And you'll find Mum so safe, that even after underarm shaving it won't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! And charm is very important to any girl—in business—or in love! Be sure you're safe from underarm odour. Use Mum every day! Get Mum at all chemists and stores. Prices, 4d., 1/6 and 2/6.

ON JOBS AND ON DATES—MUM GUARDS CHARM



Another Use for Mum. Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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Symphony in "A FLAT"

IN ANY FLAT OR ANY HOME PYREX STRIKES THE KEYNOTE OF PERFECT HARMONY BETWEEN KITCHEN AND TABLE

Your home is out of tune with the modern theme unless you cook and serve in Pyrex. Cooking in glass is just one grand sweet song of simple artistry; and serving in glass is the finale which wins applause—and encores.

Agee Pyrex (whether the crystal clear variety or the new eye-soothing pastel shades) means piping-hot, full-flavoured dishes served straight from oven to table; meals which have been completely and faultlessly cooked at minimum cost entirely inside the oven. Honestly—it's time you had a complete set of Pyrex ware. Ask to see the kitchen sets—attractively packed in one all-embracing carton. You'll be surprised how little they cost . . . and how much they save.

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

April 12, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

27

Persian and Pheasant Colors

THIS year autumn ushers in a fine new breed of colors so vitally different from the sober brown, and rust, and copper which somehow seem synonymous with this season. The popular shades are sparkling and gay... for they are filched from the opulence of Persia and the glowing beauty of the pheasant... Artist Petrov has captured their charm in this fabric fantasy.

Fabric design
by
PETROV



P E T R O V

EASTER PARADE...



● Black sheer wool, supple as silk, draped dramatically to one side, with bodice fastened by four diamante clusters of grapes. With it a magnificent fox fur and high-draped red turban. (Top left.)

● Cocoa-brown wool ensemble, with slender frock covered by a trimly tailored jacket with bell sleeves. A diamante lapel gadget and huge stitched velvet halo add fashion interest. (Top centre.)

● Finest wool in pastel-blue for an exquisitely fitted coat with buttons marching right down the front and unpressed pleats giving skirt fullness. A festive topknot of pink feather flowers. (Top right.)

● The chevron effect of the tucks emphasises the slim waistline of this navy silk tulle suit. The tiny white collar, daisy buttons, and straw bonnet wreathed in veiling give youthful appeal. (Left.)

TOPPERS . . . tilted for charm



• A forward-jutting, fly-away beret of black doeskin with a bandeau tied on with cute little bows.



• Grand-mamma bonnet of black velvet with a pampadour ruche of black satin ribbon framing the face, and wide ribbons tying neatly the chin.



• Minute and rakishly tilted pillbox of black haters' plush pierced with a white jacquered quill.



• Quaintly draped toque in dark brown woollen with snood of brown, yellow, and green plaid to match the scarf.



• Young halo-bonnet of soft felt in palest grey with a wide band and bow of black patent.



• Perfect headline for casual suite — an informally tailored model of bright red felt banded with white pique.



• Topical fashion note — the dashing Dwyer hat done in dark khaki felt with scarlet grosgrain ribbon for a cockade.

Teeth brushed,
bath over—
now to bed!

OH, NO, BETTY...
DON'T FORGET TO
LUX US OR
TOMORROW WE'LL
OFFEND WITH
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Don't risk embarrassment, humiliation!
be a **LUX**
CHANGE DAILY GIRL

AS SOON AS YOU TAKE OFF YOUR
UNDIES, POP THEM INTO RICH, GENTLE
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CONTAIN SODA**



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cut down
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Rose

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion ALL OVER



She is radiant from top to toe because she has learned this priceless beauty secret which has been known to lovely women since the days of Cleopatra. Olive and palm oils, skilfully blended in Palmolive soap, give vitality and smooth texture to the skin.

Palmolive's creamy lather thoroughly cleanses away all blemish-making impurities, leaving the skin supple and silken-smooth. At the same time, Palmolive gives a gentle oil massage that keeps your skin young and makes you truly "schoolgirl complexion" *all over*.

Listen in to "THE YOUTH SHOW" every Sunday night at 7 o'clock on 2GB, 2KA, 2CA, 2HR, 2GZ, 2NZ, 2LM, 2WL, 3AW, 3SH, 3HA, 3TR, 4BH, 4GR, 4AY, 7HO, 7QT, 7LA, 7DY, 7BU; at 9 o'clock on 5DN, 5RM; at 7.30 on 6PR, 6TZ; Wednesday night at 8.30 on 4RO, 3SR.



KNITTED FROCK . . . for the small girl

YOUR little girl would really look adorable in this dainty dress, simply knitted in stocking-stitch with vertical bands in a fancy stitch.

Here are the instructions:

Materials: 5oz. Paton's Super Scotch fingering wool, 3-ply, or Paton's Super crepe yarn (equivalent to 3-ply). Small quantity of blue, green, and yellow. Beehive knitting needles, 1 pair No. 9, 6 buttons, 1 medium-sized crochet hook.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 19in.; width all round at underarm, 22in.; length of sleeve from underarm, 24in.

Abbreviations: K knit, p purl, tog together, st stitch, inc increase, dec decrease, d.c. double crochet.

Tension: To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to

work at a tension to produce 7 stitches to an inch in width.

THE BACK

Cast on 4 sts. and k twice into first st., k 2, k twice into last st. Purl next row, purling twice into first and last st. Continue in st-st, inc. at both ends of every row till there are 20 sts. on needle. Now cast on 2 sts. at end of last row. Cut wool and push these sts. up needle. On to same needle cast 4 sts. and make another piece to match first. Continue till there are 7 scallops in all, omitting 2 cast on sts. on 7th scallop.

Next Row: * K 20, p 2. Repeat from * ending k 20. Proceed as follows:

1st Row: * P 20, wool forward, k 2 tog., repeat from * to last 20 sts., p 20.

2nd Row: * K 20, wool round needle, p 2 tog., repeat from * to last 20 stitches, k 20.

Repeat these 2 rows for pattern and continue straight till side edge measures 8ins.

On next knit row * k 2 tog., k 16, k 2 tog., wool round needle, p 2 tog., repeat from * to last 20 sts., k 2 tog., k 16, k 2 tog.

Work 9 rows straight, then dec. at both sides of each panel as before. Continue decreasing in this way on every 10th row until 4th set of dec. has been worked and 96 sts. remain on needle, work 1 row.

Change to moss-st., and on first row moss-st. 9, * work 3 sts. tog., moss-st. 2, and repeat from * to last 11 sts., work 2 tog., moss-st. 9 (78 sts. remain). Work 7 rows more in moss-st.

Change to st-st. and work 2ins. straight, then shape armholes by dec. at both ends of next 6 rows. Work 3ins. straight on remaining 64 sts., then shape neck and shoulders.

Next 3 Rows: Work to last 6 sts., turn.

Next Row: K 21, cast off 10, knit to last 12 sts., turn, and p back to neck.

Next Row: Cast off 8 sts., and k to end. Cast off.

Join wool to neck edge of opposite

side and purl to within 12 sts. of end, turn, and knit to neck. Cast off 8 sts. and purl across remainder. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work as for back till 6 rows in st-st. have been worked past moss-st. band at waist.

Next Row: K 37, wool round needle, p 2 tog., k 37.

Next Row: P 37, wool forward, k 2 tog., p 37.

Repeat last 2 rows 3 times more.

Next Row: K 30, wool round needle, p 2 tog., k 5, wool round needle, p 2 tog., k 30.

Next Row: P 30, wool forward, k 2 tog., p 5, wool forward, k 2, wool forward, k 2 tog., p 30.

Repeat last 2 rows 3 times more, and at same time, when side edges are same length as back to armholes, shape armholes in same way as for back. When 8 rows have been worked with 3 lace-st. stripes, begin another lace-st. stripe at each side with same number of sts. between as previous ones. Keep 5 lace-st. stripes to top of front.

When armhole shaping is completed, continue on remaining 64 sts. till there is a depth of 4ins. above n-st. waistband.

Next Row: Work 28 sts., cast off 8, work 28.

Now cast off 3 sts. at neck edge of next 2 alternate rows, then dec. at same edge of following 3 rows. Continue straight on remaining 20 sts. till armhole edge is 2 rows longer than that of back, then shape shoulder.

Next Row: Working from neck edge, work to within 6 sts. of end, turn, and work back to neck.

Next Row: Work to within 12 sts. of the end, turn, and work back to neck.

Next Row: Work across all sts. Cast off.

Join wool at the centre front of opposite side, and complete this side to match first.

THE SLEEVES

Cast on 66 sts. and work 1in. in st-st., then shape top. Dec. at both ends of next 3 rows, then work 4th row without shaping. Repeat these 4 rows till 24 sts. remain. Cast off.

For the Sleeve Band: Cast on 6 sts., and work in m-st. for 5ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Place edges of shoulders of back and front together and catch in place at armhole ends, then sew gathered tops of sleeves into armholes. Fasten off all ends of wool round scallops. Press work on wrong and then on right side with a warm iron over slightly-damp cloth. Sew up side and sleeve seams.

Holding right side of work towards you, work 2 rows of d.c. all round lower edge of frock, working st. into st.

Work a row of d.c. across front of neck. Cut wool. Join to beginning of last row and work 1 d.c. * 5 ch., slip-st. to first of these, then 1 d.c. into each of next 3 sts., repeat from * all across. Fasten off.

Holding right side of work towards you, join wool to armhole edge and work in d.c. st. into st. across one back shoulder, back of neck, then across second shoulder. Cut wool and join to beginning of last row. Work in d.c. across shoulder—1 d.c. into each of 20 sts.—then work picot edging across back of neck as for front and work in d.c. over last 20 shoulder sts. Fasten off.

Sew 3 buttons on back of each shoulder, and work buttonhole loops on edge of front shoulders to meet these. Join sleeve bands into rings, gather up sleeve edge and stitch to bands. With blue wool embroider a small flower in long and short straight sts. in centre of each scallop with French knots in yellow in centre and stalks in stem-st. Work small leaves in lazy-daisy st. on each side of stalk. Press embroidery and all seams on wrong side with a warm iron over slightly-damp cloth.



KNIT this dainty frock in 3-ply wool or crepe yarn for your little girl, and embroider it with floral motifs in blue, green, and yellow.



USEFUL sleeveless design for a pullover for the schoolboy. Knitting instructions on this page.

Schoolboy's pullover

HERE is a practical sleeveless design for a cosy pullover—just the kind of garment every boy needs in his winter wardrobe.

Materials: 6oz. Paton's Rose fingering wool, 4-ply; "Beehive" knitting needles, 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 12. **Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 18in.; width all round at underarm, 30in.

Tension: To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 1 pattern to 1lin.

THE BACK

**Using No. 12 needles, cast on 96 stitches.

1st Row: * K 1, p 1, repeat from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

Repeat this row for 3in., increas-

ing once at end of needle in last row. (97 stitches.)

Using No. 9 needles, proceed as follows:

1st Row: K plain.

2nd Row: K 6, p 1, * k 11, p 1, repeat from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

3rd Row: K 1, p 5, k 1, * p 11, k 1, repeat from * to the last 6 sts., p 5, k 1.

4th Row: K 1, p to the last st., k 1.

5th Row: K 1, p 3, k 1, p 3, k 1, * p 7, k 1, p 3, k 1, repeat from * to last 4 sts., p 3, k 1.

6th Row: K 4, p 1, k 3, p 1, * k 7, p 1, k 3, p 1, repeat from * to last 4 sts., k 4.

These 6 rows form pattern and are repeated throughout. Continue in pattern until work measures 12ins. from commencement.

Cast off 8 sts. at beginning of needle in each of next 2 rows, then decrease once at each end of the needle in every row 4 times. (73 sts.) Continue in pattern, without shaping, until work measures 17in. from commencement.

SHAPE FOR SHOULDERS AS FOLLOWS

1st and 2nd Rows: Work in pattern to last 8 sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work in pattern to last 16 sts., turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Work in pattern to last 24 sts., turn.

7th Row: Work in pattern to the end of row.

8th Row: Cast off 24 sts., work in pattern to end of row.

9th Row: Cast off 24 sts.

Using No. 12 needles, work on remaining 25 sts. in rib of (k 1, p 1) for 1in. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Work as given for back from ** to ** once. Continue in pattern without shaping until work measures 11ins. from commencement.

Work 49 sts. in pattern, turn. Continue in pattern on these 49 sts., decreasing once at neck edge in every alternate row until work measures 12ins. from commencement, ending at side edge.

Still decreasing at neck edge in every alternate row, cast off 6 sts. at beginning of needle in next row, then decrease once at same edge in each of next 4 rows.

50,000 Women have proved **NEVASHRINK**

Remains Soft and Fleecy Despite Repeated Washing in Hot Suds.



During the last twelve months more than 50,000 women throughout Australia have proved that Nevashrink All-Wool Underwear is absolutely shrink-proof. Week after week 50,000 women have been plunging their family's woollen underwear in hot suds, gloving in the fact that they will remain just as soft and fleecy and perfect-fitting as the day they were bought. When you are purchasing your family's woollen underwear this winter, don't ask merely for Pre-shrunk Underwear—make sure you are getting Eagley Nevashrink, the All-Wool Underwear made from finest quality Merino fleece. Nevashrink for longer wear, greater comfort, more warmth, and absolute unshrinkability.

NEVASHRINK
ALL WOOL UNDERWEAR

Made only by **Eagley**



★
LONG
Curling
LASHES
in
30 DAYS!

In thirty days you can grow long, curling, silken lashes and perfect eyebrows by applying Le Charme Eyelash Grower.

PROVED by Thousands!
No matter how scant your eyelashes, how incipient your eyebrows, Le Charme Eyelash Grower will positively increase their length and thickness. Even in the first few days you will notice the promise of a beautiful silken fringe. If unsatisfactory locally, 2/6 post free from Le Charme, Dept. C, Box 23361, G.P.O., Sydney.

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EYELASH GROWER

PERMANENT HAIR REMOVER
Hair on chin, cheeks, legs, etc., permanently removed, and the roots destroyed. 100% GUARANTEE. Satisfaction or money back without question. If unsatisfactory locally, 4/- post free from Le Charme, Box 23361, G.P.O., Sydney.

Continued on page 34

*and the wash-tub said: "try as I can I must confess
I cannot shrink your Viyella dress"*



Viyella can visit the wash tub daily if necessary and the smart and dainty colours, floral patterns and gay checks always remain just as perfect as when new.
Winter and Summer . . . indoors and outdoors . . . asleep or awake . . . all the family can be smart and comfortable in Viyella.
Colours, no matter whether dainty pastel shades or rich fashionable colours, cannot fade, and the popular cream qualities cannot turn yellow in the wash.

NO SHRINKAGE . . . NO THICKENING
Viyella is woven from the finest Australian merino lamb's wool.

If unable to obtain locally, write to WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD., Box 3335PP, G.P.O., Sydney, for Free Patterns.

ENGLISH

**NURSERY
Viyella**
REGD.

If it shrinks - we replace



The sign that guarantees quality

For 1941 Series 6 of the
**"NURSERY VIYELLA
KNITTING BOOK"**

Easy, exclusive styles in knitted wear for tiny tots. Twenty-eight pages fully illustrated.

Send coupon below to nearest of following addresses: "VIYELLA," Box 3335PP, G.P.O., Sydney; Box 3114, G.P.O., Melbourne; Box 1058, G.P.O., Brisbane; Box 3008, G.P.O., Adelaide; Box 7106, G.P.O., Perth.



COMPLETE COUPON AND POST TODAY

Please send me the 1941 (Series 6) "NURSERY VIYELLA KNITTING BOOK." I enclose 6d. plus 1d. postage (in stamps).

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ADDRESS _____

W.W. 12-4-41



Original Australian Wool Board models from which these patterns were cut are on display in the Temple of Beauty at the Royal Empire Show.

F3235

F2099

F2100

F2101

F3209

F2102

F3235.—Slinky day frock with willowy midriff section. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2099.—Lovely evening gown with front fullness, made in floral wool. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 5½ to 6½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F2100.—Youthful little frock with quaint folded pockets. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2101.—Dashing tricolor sports frock, buttoned right down the front. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 1½yds. for skirt, 1½yds. for bodice, and ½yd. for midriff section, 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3209.—Slender fitting, long-torso bodice offset by a pleated skirt. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and ½yd., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3257.—For smart schoolgirls—a pleated skirt topped with tailored blouse and jerkin. 10 to 15 years. Requires: 2½yds. for blouse, 36ins. wide, ½yd. for jerkin, and 1½yds. for skirt, 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2102.—Slender wool evening gown topped by an embroidered jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 5½yds. for frock, and 1½yds. for jacket, 36ins. wide. Transfer for embroidery on jacket, 1/6 extra. Pattern, 1/10.

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

(HARMING tonics for your autumn wardrobe. No. 1 requires 1yd., 36ins. wide, and 5yds. lace. No. 2 requires 1yd., 36ins. wide. No. 3 requires 1yd., 36ins. wide. No. 4 requires 1yd., 36ins. wide.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," is the address in your State as under:—
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 182, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 481G, G.P.O., Perth. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post. PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

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STREET
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STATE SIZE

Pattern Coupon, 12/4/41.

For The Blood, Veins, Arteries
And Heart

Elasto

The Wonder Tablet

Take It! and Stop Limping

DON'T let Leg Troubles cripple you. Take 'Elasto', the Great New Remedial Remedy that acts through the blood, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense.

Leg aches and pains soon vanish when 'Elasto' is taken. Painful swelling (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalized blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto', the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

What is 'Elasto'?

This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of revitalizing the blood. Your copy is Free—see Offer below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug but a vital oil-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalized fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, without which there can be no true healing!

Send for FREE Booklet
Simply send your name and address to 'ELASTO', Box 13122, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting 'Elasto' booklet. Or better still, get a supply of 'Elasto' (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to try and see for yourself what a wonderful difference 'Elasto' makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply. (A.840)

NEEDLEWORK Notions



No. 84. To look at this sweet little nightie you would never guess it was so simple to make. Get one for baby now.

Sleepy-time charm

A DAINY little nightgown that is snug and pretty and so easy to make. The crossover makes it simple to put on, and a positive joy to launder. Available from our Needlework Department with the pattern and design marked, ready to cut out machine, and embroider. It is traced on winceyette in cream, pale lemon, pink, green, and white. Sizes infants to six months, 3/11, plus 3d postage. 12 months and 18 months, 4/6, plus 3d postage.

Paper pattern only. Price, 1/-
Transfer for embroidery. Price, 1/-
extra.

For winter suits

● A peppy little blouse that is guaranteed to bring new verve to your tailors.

EVERY fashion-alert girl will love this blouse for its trimly-tailored air, its dainty pintucks, and the gay touches of embroidery.

It is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced with pattern and design clearly marked, ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider. Sizes are 32, 34, 36, and 38 in. bust, and obtainable traced on good quality sheer linen in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, and green, or on georgette in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, green, and turquoise.

The embroidery design is worked in satin-stitch, stem-stitch, and french knots or eye-lets, and you may choose a color scheme to harmonize with the color material chosen, or in gay, vital colors to provide a charming contrast.

Price: Linen 8/11, georgette 7/6, plus 4d. extra for postage.

Paper pattern only. Price, 1/3. Transfer for embroidery, Price, 1/6 extra.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS!

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 409F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 193, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 3910, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4885V, G.P.O. If calling, 176 Castlereagh St., or Dalton House, 155 Pitt St. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 145, G.P.O., Melbourne, New Zealand. Write to Sydney office.



No. 83. Here is the blouse that every woman will want to team with her new autumn suits. Despite its tailored lines it has an air of sparkling gaiety.

Directions for "Peter" sweater

CONTINUE in pattern, decreasing once at neck edge in every alternate row until 24 sts. remain.

Continue in pattern without shaping until work measures 17 ins. from commencement, ending at neck edge.

Shape for shoulders as follows:

1st Row: Work in pattern to last 8 sts., turn.

2nd Row: Work in pattern to end of row.

3rd Row: Work in pattern to last 16 sts., turn.

4th Row: Work in pattern to end of row. Cast off.

Join in wool at centre-front and work on remaining 48 sts. to correspond with other side.

NECK BAND

Using No. 12 needles, and with right side of work facing, knit up 60 sts. evenly along left side of neck (knitting last stitch from centre), knit up 59 sts. evenly along right side of neck (119 sts.).

Continued from page 31

1st Row: (K 1, p 1) 20 times, k 3 tog. (p 1, k 1) 20 times.

2nd Row: (P 1, k 1) 28 times, p 1, k 3 tog. (p 1, k 1) 28 times, k 1.

Continue in this manner, knitting 3 sts. tog. at centre-front in every row until 1 in. of ribbing has been worked. Cast off.

ARMHOLE BANDS

Join shoulder seams.

Using No. 12 needles and with right side of work facing knit up 96 sts. evenly around armhole.

Continue in rib of (k 1, p 1) for 1 in. Cast off.

Work other armhole band in same manner.

TO MAKE UP

With slightly damp cloth and warm iron press lightly. Sew up side seams.

On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

Still a bachelor . . .

JIMMY WINDSOR LEWIS is still a bachelor—or was, when Mary St. Claire cabled me from London a day or two ago. It was reported that he had wed Lady Hyde, widow of Lord Hyde, and a lady-in-waiting to the Queen.

Lady Hyde told Mary, however, that no engagement had been announced, and no wedding date fixed.

Jimmy, you remember, was at Dunkirk, and made news last month when he escaped from France disguised as a peasant. He was given a lift from Belgium to Paris in a Nazi truck.

No gilt edges . . .

SEEMS to me that by time this war ends no one will remember what a silver-edged invitation is. Nor a gilt-edged security either. What I mean is . . . another bride who uses telephone instead of printed invitations to bid guests to her wedding is Thelma Sheedy.

Rings me early one morn and says, "Being married to-morrow. Hope you can come." Bridegroom Harvey Besley, of Inverell, is in R.A.A.F.

Ask Thelma if she's dressing as a bride. "Half and half" is her description of attractive white crepe dinner frock, short tulle veil, and tulle muff scattered with orchids.

Ceremony at St. Andrew's. Reception at the E. P. Sheedys' harbor-side flat at Kirribilli. Eve Sheedy dashes home from Melbourne holiday to attend.

Thelma is joining colony of Air Force wives at Wagga after honeymoon.

Did you know? . . .

THE Gilbert Prattens will be in Brisbane Easter Saturday . . . Gil is best man for wedding of Ted Capper (formerly of Pymble) with Rebe Saywell, at St. John's. Ilma Fuller, of Moree, is bridesmaid.

Mary Hooke, of Walcha, is working as Voluntary Aid at Yaralla, Concord. Her aunt, Mrs. E. J. Tutty, of Tia River, is making headquarters at the Australia during Easter.

Mrs. Alan Gray is visiting Allison Verco in Adelaide . . . she has been living at Allison's Sydney flat.

Godmothers to Elizabeth and Peter Fogarty christened on Thursday are Mrs. Harry Showers and Mrs. Gilbert Rednall.

Easter influx . . .

FROM Melbourne . . . Mrs. M. H. Baillieu (with decorative daughter Sandra) and Mrs. Louis Nelken. Staying at the Australia to be near their sister, Mrs. Pat Osborne.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Colin Chisholm are here for Colin's eight days' leave from Geelong camp.

From Muswellbrook . . . the Hunter Bowmans. Flat at Cahors.

Large families . . .

WEDDING of Dudley Marks and Bryce Perry at St. Philip's this Tuesday is only "family affair" . . . but it adds up to 70 guests. Dudley is third of the F. W. Marks' four daughters, and the bridegroom is third son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Perry, of the same suburb—Mosman.

After 4 p.m. ceremony, guests drive to Marks' home, Keith House. Receptions following weddings of Dudley's sisters, Mary (Mrs. Ron Hull) and Joan (Mrs. Neville Wheeler), also were held at Keith House.

Six o'clock dancing . . .

A CHEERY "do"—the Donald Finlays' cocktail-cum-dancing party at Redleaf for Surgeon-Lieutenant sons Donald and Kerry. They graduated last year and now called up for service with Royal Navy.

Between dances young guests stroll on to terrace . . . harbor looks perfect in late afternoon sun.

Professor and Mrs. Harold Dew among early arrivals. Mrs. Dew cool in white crepe. Youthful Mrs. Sandy Robertson dons white toque with chiffon trail to her waist. Di Browne, in palest pink, arrives with Betty Maxwell.

Jocelyn Poynter makes first social appearance since recent illness. Tells me wedding with Cedric O'Gorman Hughes is next month. No plans yet . . . except that attendants will be her sister, Shirley, and Colleen Bennet.

Sylvia gets around . . .

AS Sylvia Keighley says . . . she "sort of gets around." Stop by at her coming-of-age party at Prince's, and ask her where she celebrated her last few birthdays. Much-travelled Sylvia chases her mind around the world . . . 20 in Canada, 19 in Milan, 18 in Java, or maybe Bali, 17 at Frensham.

Miles of socks . . .

CALLING recess for Easter, Mrs. R. J. Whiteman says Active Service Comforts Fund will be hard at work again at her Darling Point home on April 15. At recent annual meeting it was announced that fund has sent abroad 12,000 pairs of socks and 4000 shirts, in addition to thousands of other things.

Dr. and Mrs. Whiteman and daughter Pat are off to their Bowral house for Easter. Pat's cousins, Angela Francis and Joan Carruthers, are staying in town to ride at the Show.

Hundreds turned away . . .

FOUR hundred women crowd Prince's for 2/1st Battalion Comforts Fund fashion show; hundreds more clamor to get in. Thought for a moment Noel Coward must be back . . . but no, it's wives and mothers rallying to cause of 2/1st.

Scanning programme I notice Lorrie de Monchaux (Mrs. Hodsall Heath) is parading frocks . . . but see her among large party entertained by her mother, Mrs. P. L. de Monchaux. She tells me Fate is against her mannequin career, as two days before she gets black eye in a car accident.

Almost everybody succumbs to sales talk of Mrs. Innes Brodzak and Mrs. Tom Ledgerwood, who raffie hand-worked cloth.

Mrs. George Norrie, Mrs. Howard Giblin, Mrs. Mick Grace, Mrs. D. Heron, Mary Bors, Delndre Woods, Ruth Noble are spectators.

Seen around town . . .

MRS. IAN MACDONALD, of Wagga, and daughter, Mrs. Gerald Ayrton . . . celebrating Military Cross just awarded to John Macdonald.

And heard . . .

THE Hector McFarlanes, of Young, have taken a house at Palm Beach for a year.



• **FLOWER-SELLERS** Jean Ashcroft (left) and Sheila Carter behind a bank of blooms at Katie Towers' matinee.



• **PERCHED** on the fence, Cherie Carr and Gwen Mitchell watch rodeo at Dude Ranch to aid R.A.A.F. Comforts Fund.



• **CARRYING** props to help decorate . . . Mary Newmarch and Pat Morrison on their way to Temple of Beauty at the Show.



• **SPORTS SPECTATORS** Betty Tilley and Squadron-Leader C. Cummins at Richmond for R.A.A.F. athletic meeting.



• **WHAT TO WEAR** for telephoning . . . Helen Chrysal and Jasmin Barton in smart slacksuits at Mavis Ripper's fashion show of her own models . . . At Prince's.



• **CYNTHIA MASON**, aged five, feels she is quite grown up when taken to lunch for first time at Prince's with her mother, Mrs. Jock Mason, of Tumut.



• **GREASE-PAINT** for Joan Longworth, mannequin at 2/1st Comforts Fund parade. Nuttie Mackellar shows how it's done.



• **DIANA MASSIE** (left), who is representing Army in Red Cross Queen Competition, and Alison Cameron at party given in honor of competitors.

Don't neglect



CUTS, SORES

The slightest cut or scratch affords an easy entry for germs—particularly the deadly Tetanus germ. Treat all skin breaks promptly with Iodex antiseptic iodine ointment. Iodex leaves no stain, is soothing, healing and deeply penetrating. Use Iodex for First Aid, but see your doctor.

PRICE 2/1 from all chemists

IODEX
NO-STAIN IODINE

A GAIN that queer unholy exultation seized Curtis. In East Africa he had bullied the natives, but with his own compatriots he had counted for nothing. Nobody he knew had really liked him. He gave Burton vicious kicks on the ankle. He was avenging himself for a hundred little slights and petty insults, things that he had kept alive in his mind for just such a moment as this. He no longer regretted having joined forces with Schmidt. There'd be a place for him in the new regime, when he would have lots of people like Harwood to bully. He opened the door of the cellar.

"Get in!" he commanded.

"I hope it's as well provisioned as it was last time I was here," said Burton.

He stopped dead.

"Nicole!" he whispered. "Bryant!" The door clanged behind him. The key turned in the lock.

"So they've got you, too," said Nicole.

"It doesn't matter for me! With luck, help may come in time for all of us! How did you get here? What brought you?" He turned to Sandy, white rage on his face. "Couldn't

you have looked after her better than that?"

"It was my fault. I should have warned him," said Nicole quickly. "I knew they were spies. I never told him. He thought—oh, what does it matter now? Is help really coming?"

"At nine o'clock they'll start looking for me," said Burton.

"It's planned to begin at eight-fifteen," whispered Nicole. "They told us. There was no point in hiding anything from us any longer. They're coming from the skies at eight-fifteen, and all the guns they want are in the cellar! Listen!"

They could hear the sound of heavy things being trundled under their feet.

"They're taking them up now," said Nicole. "What time is it?"

"Just after six."

"Then in two hours, in less—I expect they're right—whatever happens to us after that won't matter very much. Burton, can't we warn people, can't we possibly warn them? Can't we get out?"

Sandy spoke for the first time. His face was streaked and grimy.

"You know we've tried every possible way, Nicole!" he said. "It's hopeless."

She gave a little moan. Burton moved closer towards her. His arms were still bound, but she felt the warm touch of his shoulder against hers.

"We'll be together, anyway," he said. "And when it's over, perhaps somebody will come down here and rescue us. If not, well, we'll die, as so many other people have died. We've got to die sometime. There might be worse ways. You're so brave, Nicole! We'll go on being brave together. Somehow I think I've always known subconsciously that there was an ordeal like this in front of us. Well, if we're facing it together, what's the odds?"

"That's just it, Burton," said Nicole, her eyes very bright. "As you say!"

Her finger managed to touch his. And then Sandy spoke again.

"I've found out something," he said. "Now that it's too late to do anything about it."

"What's that?" asked Burton.

"That you two really love each other. I was a fool to think that either of you could change. I see now that you'll always love each other."

"But always may be such a little time," said Nicole.

"Well, it's most extraordinary," said Helen Nairn. "The meeting was fixed for seven-thirty. Are you quite sure that Miss Frome didn't say anything about it, Annie?"

The Way Back

Continued from page 13

"She told me this morning there would be a meeting, miss, and that I was to put twenty chairs in the study ready for it. But Mrs. Curtis rang up just half an hour ago and said that Sir Alexander and Miss Frome were staying for dinner. It looks as if she'd clean forgotten about it."

"I'll ring up," said Helen.

She was surrounded by all the worthy women of the village who had left their homes, their husbands, for this special meeting of the Comforts for the Forces Fund. They had also changed into their best clothes. They had had a long and tiring walk. They certainly couldn't be sent back without their meeting, just because the president had vanished. A dinner party was not sufficient excuse in wartime. Helen gave the Curtis' number and waited; then she gave it again.

"There doesn't seem to be any reply, miss," said the operator at last.

"They must be out in the garden," said Helen. "All right, I'll leave it."

The women were looking at her with a trustful, hopeful expression. She made up her mind.

"Just sit down," she said. "I'll row over to Seaways and fetch Miss Frome. It isn't more than half a mile by water."

"And a good three by road," said one of the women.

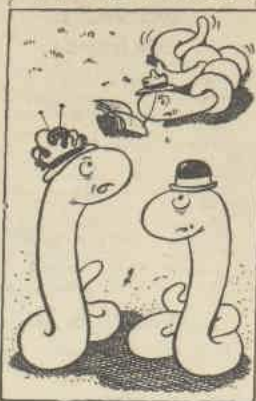
"I won't be long," said Helen. "Just go on reading the minutes, will you, Mrs. Widdop, and then they'll be ready to sign when Miss Frome comes."

She ran out of the house, followed by Scrap, who now accompanied her everywhere. The village said severely that Miss Helen was fair crazy about that there dog. He was showing himself no less plebeian as he grew older. But he had a glorious lack of class-consciousness. He consorted cheerfully with thoroughbreds whose names were in the stud book, and never realised his own racial shortcomings. Now he barked loudly, as he scampered down to the beach with his mistress. She looked about her.

"They've taken the boat," she said half aloud. "That's rather awkward, to say the least of it. Yes, there it is, at the Seaways moorings."

Across the cove it was clearly visible. The air was very clear today, and the other house stood out distinctly. She could see the dolphins against the terrace, and the open front windows of the drawing-room. The sea had hardly a ripple on it. A boy in a blue jersey had just finished hauling in

Animal Antics



"Junior's really serious about being a Boy Scout."

some lobster pots. Helen put her hands to her mouth and whistled. He looked round, then grinned and rowed towards her.

"Take me across to Seaways, will you, Robbie?" she asked him.

"For sure, Miss Helen."

She stepped into the boat.

"Had a good catch to-day?"

"Twelve beauties, miss."

"Well, take one up to the doctor's. Only hold it first, because I simply hate seeing it turn red."

Robbie grinned again. If, unlike Billy Mortimer, he was too old for Helen's Sunday school class, he'd been there in the past. They'd had a heated discussion about the ethics of Abraham sacrificing his first-born son. His boat grated on the Seaways beach. Helen stepped out of it.

"Be you wanting me to take you back, Miss Helen?"

"No, thanks. I'll row back in Sir Alexander's boat. I've come to fetch Miss Frome to a meeting. Thanks awfully, Robbie, and don't forget about the lobster!"

She ran lightly up the path leading to the house. How quiet everything seemed to-day, how peaceful! She pulled Scrap off the flower beds. Not that the Frenshams who really owned the place would have minded, but the Curtis' might. She'd often been here before they came. It had been a nice friendly house to visit. Tea in the dining-room with jam, honey and home-made cakes, and everybody eating a lot of everything.

Please turn to page 38



AN OLD WOMAN AT 40

Because of that **HARSH PURGATIVE HABIT**

24 YEARS OF AGE

Constipation was not a real menace then. Just an occasional dose of salts to get quicker relief was all she needed. But soon this occasional dose developed into a constant thing. The intestines came to rely on this stimulation.



SAME WOMAN AT THE AGE OF 35

Now the doses became larger—the bowels were being forced into action unwillingly. They were becoming tired and flabby. This woman began to show signs of premature age. Powder and rouge could not hide those tell-tale lines in her face . . . her dull eyes . . . tired skin.



SAME WOMAN AT THE AGE OF 40

An old woman long before her time! And all because of that dangerous habit of taking harsh laxatives every day!



END CONSTIPATION IN A WEEK—THE SAFE NATURAL WAY

When you get into the habit of constant dosing—that's when those lines and wrinkles appear.

One specialist estimates 75% of all intestinal troubles in people over 45 is the direct result of the unrestricted use of harsh laxatives.

How to end constipation the safe natural way.

Your bowels need "bulk" to keep them active. Nature put "bulk" mostly into fruit and green vegetables, but modern over-refined cooking is robbing your bowels of this "bulk". But there is a natural bulk food you can eat—Kellogg's All-Bran, the crisp breakfast cereal which acts on your bowels in the same way as fruit and vegetables, but more surely, more thoroughly. Kellogg's All-Bran forms a soft bulky mass which gives the bowel muscles the gentle exercise they

need. And it does more: as it passes through the intestines it absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently but effectively aids elimination. Your bowels become naturally regular.

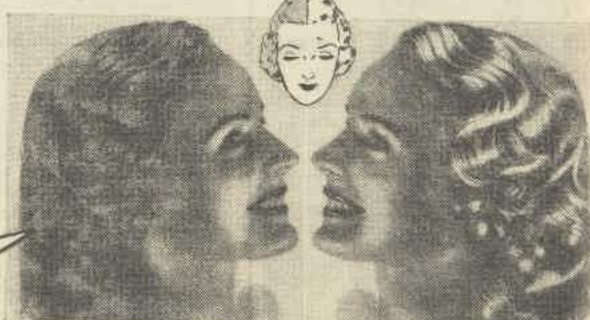


Start your breakfast each morning with one tablespoonful of Kellogg's All-Bran. Let the milk soak in.

GLORIFYING RESULTS of New Shampoo Proved by Scientific HALF-HEAD Tests

Clearly Proved these 4 Amazing Advantages:

1. Reveals up to 33% more lustre.
2. Leaves hair silkier, smoother.
3. Makes 'perming' faster, safer.
4. Safeguards hair's elasticity.



TESTS SHOW THRILLING DIFFERENCE: LEFT—Illustrates soap-washed side. Hair dulled by 'alkali-shine.' RIGHT—Illustrates Colinated side. Hair shining, silky-bright.

No other shampoo tested beautified hair so thrillingly—yet left it so easy to handle. Proved safe for hair and scalp.

THRILL to see your hair glorified by this revolutionary new-type shampoo—for its amazing results have been proved by the most daring tests ever made on a shampoo!

Unique "half-head tests"—one side washed with Colinated foam Shampoo, the other with a fine soap or powder shampoo—gave these amazing results: 1. The Colinated side was far more lustrous and shining. 2. Felt smoother, silkier. 3. Took better permanent waves faster. 4. More "spring"—returned to more natural curl.

Not a soap, not an oil . . . but made by the exclusive patented "Colinating"

process—changes instantly into a magic-cleansing bubble-foam that washes away dirt, greases and loose dandruff more completely than anything you've ever known. No lemon or vinegar rinses needed, for there is no "soap-scum" or oily residue to remove.

Test Colinated foam and thrill to your hair's new loveliness. (Economical, too, costs less than 4d. a shampoo) . . . Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser to-day for a bottle of Colinated foam Shampoo.

Glaxo-Williams Pty. Ltd.



Wash the hair washed with Colinated—other half with fine soap or powder shampoo.

"Perms" Take Faster In every case, Colinated foam-washed hair requires less steaming time under machine to take lovely wave.

"Forbidden fruit" wasted in orchards

I THOROUGHLY agree with Mrs. Edwards (22/3/41) about the apple and pear waste in Australia.

It is a sin to see the apples and pears in Tasmania alone that are left on the ground for the pigs to eat as the owners of the orchards are not allowed to sell or even give away any of them.

The children going past the orchards and seeing the wasted fruit have to pay a penny each and sometimes more for them in shops.

J. Davy, Campania, Tas.

Annual gift lost

THE high price of fruit is shocking when thousands of apples and pears are being buried.

A friend of mine has relations in the Blayney district who always send her apples and pears. This year



Friends will not receive these gifts.

they took the cases to the station, but were told they could not be taken on the railway.

The fruit had to be taken back, and probably was wasted.

Mrs. J. Anderson, 73 Cooper St., Maresbra, N.S.W.

Voluntary pickers

MRS. L. EDWARDS will, I think, be interested in these facts:

At the Bendigo Group Conference of the Country Women's Association, a sub-committee was formed to plan distribution of waste apples grown at Harcourt.

With the board's backing, voluntary pickers are now at work, and hundreds of sacks of good fruit (which would otherwise have been ploughed into the ground) are being despatched to the Mallee and to institutions.

This scheme, begun in this district by the C.W.A., may be only a little help, but it is at least something towards prevention of shocking waste.

E. Laidler, Branch Hon. Sec., C.W.A., Maldon, Vic.

So They Say

DIARY MEMORIES

I HAVE often heard the use of diaries condemned.

I have kept a diary since I was twelve. You can imagine what a wealth of memories I have there, some bitter, some so very sweet.

Now that I am quite old, some of my happiest hours are spent in reminiscences which are so vivid through my diaries that I feel as though it all happened yesterday.

Is not a diary worth keeping, even if only for the storing of memories.

Rosemary Courtney, 56 Lestrane St., Knoxville, S.A.

SPOIL HUSBANDS

NEXT time you are in a cafeteria watch how many women foolishly spoil their husbands and children, seat them comfortably at a table, then go forth to battle in a long queue to return hot and flustered with a loaded, heavy tray.

Why not sit down and let them wait on mother? They might even enjoy the novelty.

Mrs. M. Morris, 43 Ross St., Forest Lodge, N.S.W.

RESTFUL SOLITUDE

SOME people look on those who like their own company as "queer folk."

This is not so. It is good to be alone sometimes. It gives one an opportunity to meditate on things dear to the heart—things which otherwise would be neglected.

Those folks who are restless and always want to be going out would do well to cultivate a liking for their own company. It is a step towards independence and happiness.

Mrs. K. Green, 164 Grosvenor Rd., North Perth.

HARASSED GRANDMA

PRAISE for the large families of the Victorian era is often heard. What of the mothers?

When a woman reached 40 years of age she was considered old. That is not the case to-day. Surely any woman is happier and healthier with a family of three or four children. Photographs of that era often reveal in lined faces traces of the harassed lives our grandmothers led.

Mrs. G. J. Bush, Post Office, Gosford, N.S.W.

Children not wanted as tenants

HOW often do we read this notice: "House to let, no children."

It is no wonder our birth-rate is falling when it is so difficult to obtain houses to live in.

These children, the future defenders of our shores, should be encouraged to live in clean, healthy surroundings.

Cannot some arrangement be made between owner and tenant for inspection to be made at intervals, and any unsatisfactory condition remedied?

El for this letter to Mrs. A. Clark, 91 Crown St., West Tamworth, N.S.W.

Spinsters are not disgruntled old maids

I DON'T think there is anything wrong in Joan Bruce's (22/3/41) suggestion about advertising for a husband, but I can't agree with her that anyone lacking a husband becomes a "disgruntled old maid."

Married women often find that they spend so many years solely in bringing up their children that when they have a grown-up family they are quite out of touch with them and the "spinster aunt" is a much better pal to the younger generation.

N. Young, Mayne St., Launceston, Tas.

Womanly dignity

ANY woman who advertises for a husband cannot expect respect from her friends.

There must be something very amiss if a woman cannot make friends where she will meet men either socially or in business, and if she cannot attract a husband by her own personal charm—well, let it go at that!

There are many things a woman can take up that will compensate her, rather than lower her womanly dignity to such a degree.

Mrs. N. Mills, 58 Onslow St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

No loneliness

THERE are so many women who would make excellent wives and mothers, and who have not had a chance to meet eligible young men. Isn't it far better that these women should have opportunities of becoming acquainted with young men who through loneliness advertise for wives than remain unwanted and lonely for the remainder of their lives?

Mrs. H. Holmes, Payneham Rd., Payneham, S.A.

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

After dishwashing
Prevent rough hands with
HINDS
Honey & Almond
CREAM
Extra Creamy. Suetol acting.

FREE OFFER! To put sunshine in your hair send the advert, with your name, address and colour of your hair to Box 560-GG, G.P.O. Sydney, and get Camelline Tintone will be sent free.

W. 12-4-41

Mother's duty to teach domestic arts

THERE is a tendency, as T. Pitt (22/3/41) says, to cram too many subjects into the secondary school curriculum, but, nevertheless, each subject has its value in developing mental faculties.

Home-making has no proper place in a secondary school curriculum. It is a mother's duty to train her daughter in domestic arts. Plenty of girls who marry with scanty domestic knowledge quickly become efficient housekeepers.

What is wanted in secondary schools, especially for girls, is wider cultural training.

Constance Child, Endoma, Surfers Paradise, Qld.

Education supported

I DO not agree that secondary schools teach too many subjects. Girls should be taught as much mathematics and history as boys,



Mathematics essential for girls.

for, after all, why should they not themselves to earn a living?

If girls were not given a proper education, how would they be efficient enough to take over men's work and release them for the army?

Even the girls who marry will not find it detrimental to have a good education, for they should be able to manage the house accounts more successfully.

O. Culbert, 241 Annandale St., Annandale, N.S.W.

Be independent

IT is all very well for T. Pitt to say that girls need to know more about home-making than about mathematics or history. What good will a thorough knowledge of mothercraft and home-making do a girl who never marries?

No girl knows what is before her. When "our boys" come home they may have English or French wives with them, so I think we should learn how to be independent.

Miss J. Holmes, 15 Florence Ave., Kew, Vic.

SORRY — BUT YOU'RE WRONG!



AN AMBER NECKLACE WILL NOT CURE GOITRE



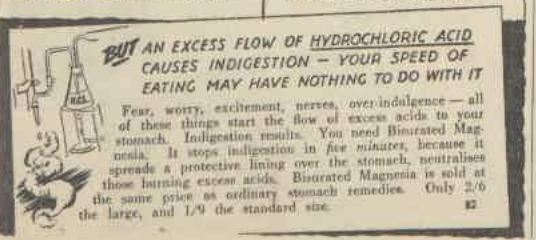
WEARING RED CLOTHES IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR VACCINATION FOR SMALLPOX



COLD CREAM IS NOT A MODERN BEAUTY IDEA — IT WAS INVENTED CENTURIES AGO BY GALEN — THE GRECO-ROMAN PHYSICIAN



HEARTBURN IS NOT NECESSARILY CAUSED BY QUICK EATING



BUT AN EXCESS FLOW OF HYDROCHLORIC ACID CAUSES INDIGESTION — YOUR SPEED OF EATING MAY HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH IT

Fear, worry, excitement, nerves, over-indulgence — all of these things start the flow of excess acids to your stomach. Indigestion results. You need Bisurated Magnesia. It stops indigestion in five minutes, because it spreads a protective lining over the stomach, neutralises those irritating excess acids. Bisurated Magnesia is sold at the same price as ordinary stomach remedies. Only 2/6 the large, and 1/9 the standard size.



A Little NUGGET GOES A LONG, LONG WAY

If your kiddies are hard on footwear (and whose kiddies aren't!) here's a tip that will save you lots of money — lots of worry. Use Nugget liberally. You'll cover up those unsightly cuts, scratches and tears. You'll give the shoes a tough "second skin" that protects and restores the leather — makes it waterproof — keeps it neat and shiny.

There is only ONE 'Nugget' — see you get it!

BLACK, DARK TAN, MILITARY TAN, BLUE, & WHITE CLEANER

His "NERVES" nearly spoilt everything!

TOM AND BETTY PLANNED TO BUY THEIR OWN HOME SOMEDAY. THEY WERE GETTING CLOSE TO IT WHEN TOM BEGAN TO FEEL RUN-DOWN-"NERVY"...



Jumpy, ragged nerves are a sure sign of Night-Starvation. If you wake in the morning tired, if you get run down, irritable, if your nerves are ragged and jumpy, then start drinking Horlicks every night before you go to bed. Horlicks replaces the energy lost during sleep—and so your sleep becomes really beneficial and recuperative. This energising, well-balanced food will keep your nerves calm and steady. Horlicks will give you the extra vitality you need. Priced from 1/6; economy size, 2/9. Special pack with mixer, 2/.



HORLICKS guards against **NIGHT-STARVATION** helps resist the strain

THE COLOURS DEFY WASHING

The Texture laughs at Time!

Woven from the finest Egyptian yarn, styled for the modern man and woman and (if you like) gracefully initiated. For men (1/2) with man-tailored borders and bold modern patterns (initiated 1/6); for ladies (1/2) with initial 1/2).

NILE

THE HANDKERCHIEF WHICH STAYS SMART!

BOLD SINGLE OR IN FASCINATING GIFT BOXES. Manufactured by PIONEER TEXTILES INDUSTRIES Pty. Ltd., 124 Broadway, SYDNEY

The Way Back

Continued from page 36

AS she walked up the path, Helen thought to herself: Mrs. Curtis will have those flibberty drawing-room teas. She'd think anything else provincial and contrived. She wouldn't realise that it's right to be contrived if you live in the country! I don't like Mrs. Curtis. I don't like her. Not that she'd worry about that!

She reached the house and rang the bell. Puffy—nobody answered. And yet the front door stood open. She rang again, and still there was no reply. And there hadn't been a soul in the garden. She walked into the hall. A clock ticked, that was all. Where had everybody gone? What had happened to them? They must be walking along the beach, out of sight somewhere. In that case it wasn't much use following them. She'd better row back and tell the women that the meeting would have to be postponed. She turned.

"Come on, Scrap," she called out. Scrap wasn't there.

Drat the dog, thought Helen. He's got no manners!

She went farther into the hall, and called again. An excited yelping answered her. He'd gone down to the cellar—probably smelling salmon. He was an absolute glutton for tinned salmon! Well, she'd have to follow him, and it would be his fault if the Curtis thought she was housebreaking. She ran down the cellar steps. Scrap was scrabbling against the door. His tail was wagging in excited anticipation.

"Scrap!" she called.

From the other side of the cellar the others heard her.

"Helen!" shouted Sandy.

"Helen!" called Nicole.

"What on earth are you doing in there?" said Helen. "Developing photographs, or something? Why—the door's locked!"

"You tell her, Burton!" cried Nicole frantically. "Before they come back again!"

"Listen carefully, Helen!" said Burton through the keyhole. "Get to the telephone! Ring up the police! Tell them there is a parachutist invasion expected at eight-fifteen. Tell them to inform military, naval and air force authorities! Quickly!"

There was a gasp from Helen.

Then, with Scrap at her heels, she ran.

At that moment the hatch in the coal cellar opened. Scheidt saw her.

"Stop her!" he screamed in German.

But Helen ran faster. Her idea of using the Seaways phone had vanished. She tore down towards the landing stage. A bullet whistled past her. She felt a sudden sharp pain at her ear. She felt blood dripping on her thin cotton frock. Instinctively she dodged among the bushes, taking cover. She crouched as she undid the mooring rope of the boat with trembling fingers. Then she was inside it, rowing for dear life. Another bullet hit the water.

"After her!" screamed Scheidt again. "After her!"

"We have no boat!" said Rachel. "By road then! She must be stopped!"

"It's three miles round by road!" cried Maurice.

With an oath Scheidt turned to Rachel.

"It is you!" he screamed. "You! You have betrayed us. You have sold us to the Englishman!"

"Look out, Rachel!" screamed Maurice.

She might even then have defended herself. She didn't. She just faced Scheidt contemptuously. The shot rang out, and she crumpled slowly. Scheidt did not wait to look at her. He ran towards the car. Only Maurice bent over her.

"Rachel! Rachel!" he moaned.

So this was where it had brought him, this was what was happening to them! But there was no time to think. He, too, must save his own skin.

He tore after Scheidt. The car was already moving. He jumped into it. They zoomed down the drive.

Mrs. Whidop had read the minutes. They had been followed by a heated discussion on the merits of three-ply wool against four-ply.

It was a question on which everybody held very definite views. Opinions were being expressed with some violence as Helen ran into the study and grabbed the telephone.

"Well, I'm all for two-ply myself," said the postman's wife, introducing

a new note. "Ee, Miss Helen, you've gone and hurt yourself!"

"Your dress is covered with blood!" cried Mrs. Bail, from the shop.

But already Helen had got the exchange.

"The police—at once!" she gasped.

An inn set in the heart of England. An inn that had been there in King Charles' day, that had seen the wars of the Cavaliers and Roundheads, had heard the news of the French Revolution, of the Crimea and Indian Mutiny, that had rejoiced when Mafeking had been relieved, that had welcomed the men of 1914-18 back home. An inn that stood as something permanent, that would be here when wars and rumors of wars were over.

Burton and Nicole had unpacked in a bedroom smelling of lavender, fresh with pale yellow and green cretonne covers and hangings. They had dined in a raftered room on English food that rationing had not spoiled. Then they had wandered into a garden where the roses were the descendants of roses planted there hundreds of years ago. In the border bloomed pale evening primroses.

"They open with a pop at sunset," said Burton. His hand was in her hair, and they did not care what interested chambermaid might be watching them from an upper window. "Darling—is this really true?"

"As true as Hitler and the Gestapo," she answered. "As true as those parachutists landing and being captured. As true as that ghastly cellar, and Scheidt."

"He's dead, anyway," said Burton. "And Curtis is awaiting his trial. I'm glad Rachel died, too. It was the only way."

There was something you liked about her all the same," said Nicole. "Something I admired," he corrected her. "She was fearless. She staked her hand to the full limit. Oh, don't let us remember! It's all past—forgotten. Everything's different now. Then you were engaged to Sandy. Now you're married to me!"

"He was terribly decent about it!"

"Yes—without any heroics. He's sound all through. I hope you're right—I hope he'll marry Helen!"

"I'm almost sure that he will. She is somebody whom he could do things for—that's half way towards loving for Sandy! And she would fit in so well at Fleetwing Gate. I think he must see that already. Some day we'll go back and see them both. I'm glad you've kept on the cottage with the crooked chimney!"

"It will be a holiday place when

WEDDED

(By a War Bride)

You have given your bright youth that I so loved, Your splendid, joyous manhood, for your pride In this fair land for which our fathers fought Forbade you stay, in honor, at my side.

You have chained me with a thousand memories Of unforgotten joys and golden days, Of bitter tears, glad laughter, and the love That binds together yet our parted ways.

I am tangled in the silken thread of hours We snatched from war's relentless, greedy hands, With separation's ever-present shadow

Illumined by love's timeless, shining strands.

My heart is with you on those Eastern wastes, Through all the weary waiting and the pain, Till victory is won and I shall know

The rapture of your nearness once again.

—ISABEL GRIFFIN.

this war is over," said Burton. "But there's lots of work to be done before that. Morgan has another job for me when this one is done. We have only a week."

"A week of heaven!" said Nicole. "That's a lot these days!"

Now it was dusk. The evening primroses had finished plopping. The evening star shone in a sky that was pale pearl and silver. A bat flitted under the eaves and disappeared.

Somewhere unseen was whistling the song that Rachel had jeered at. "There'll always be an England"...

They listened.

"Thank heaven that's true, too!" said Nicole. "Burton, we're lucky to be British. Thank heaven we are living in this hour! Whatever happens to us personally matters so little. The big things have come again—the things we thought were finished with—patriotism, freedom, fighting for it!"

"And winning!" said Burton. "That's going to be true, too, Nicole!"

"I was never surer of anything!" she answered.

With that certainty for the future, with that sweetness for the present, she turned towards him. He took her into his arms.

(Copyright)

Damp-set YOUR HAIR WITH VELMOL

What a glorious change this four-minute damp-set makes in dull unruly hair! Revives your wave. Keeps curls in place. Hair gleams with lustre—never "stiff" or oily! First Hollywood, now Australia, acclaim this discovery of a famous American beauty chemist. . . . Used by smart women everywhere to keep their hair-styles "salon-fresh."

JUST 3 STEPS. (1) Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. (2) Brush through a few drops of VELMOL. (3) Arrange in waves and curls with fingers and comb.

Works perfectly on any hair . . . any wave. Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser, to-day, for VELMOL.

Style by Vernon Fisher 3030a



Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

Children born at this time of the year are regarded as being specially favored. Much is predicted for and expected of them.

In ancient times the period between March 21 and April 21 was considered the most important of the year. In fact, March 21 ushered in the New Year until comparatively recent times.

It was the beginning of spring, and of all new life and growth. The fields were planted out, and the High Priests gave advice as to the most auspicious dates for the labor.

Arians — people born between March 21 and April 21 — are born leaders and pioneers. They live enthusiastically and rather excitedly. They love to do battle against any kind of odds, and to match wits and fists with others.

They like that which is new, gay and interesting, and are vital people, seldom placid and restful, but always keen for new sights, new work, new friends and new ventures.

Sensitiveness over Arian abruptness and a single-mindedness which partakes of selfishness should not be over-indulged. Faults they have, in plenty, but they will exhibit many virtues when they are understood.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Make the most of April 14 (evening), 15, and 16 (until 9 p.m.). Start new ventures, make changes, seek favors and otherwise seek promotion and happiness. Avoid rudeness and irritation or difficulties on April 17 and 18.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Just a week of days. Concentrate on routine affairs and begin to make plans for the near future, especially on April 17 and 18. Be on guard against upsets on April 19.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Many Geminites can turn April 19 to quite good account by diligence, forethought and patience. Slight opportunities may present themselves then, and gains or favors may be sought.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Be cautious in all affairs at this time. Stick to routine affairs and avoid quarrels, arguments, opposition, obstacles and general unpopularity. This is especially so on April 16 (late), 17 and 18.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): Quite a good time can be enjoyed by most Leos, especially if plans are constructively made and diligence and wisdom are exercised in putting them into action. Go after some of the things you want, make changes, seek favors, seek promotion. Make the most of April 14 (after 9 p.m.), 15, and 16.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): Concentrate on routine tasks and put all outstanding matters well in hand and out of the way. The near future offers better times and you'll want to be ready to take full advantage of them. Make plans now. April 17 and 18 just fair, and 19 and 20 poor.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): Danger signals for unwise Librans. Be on guard and judge unnecessary risks, arguments, changes, losses, partings, disappointments and opposition, especially on April 16 (late), 17, and 18. Routine will prove wisest.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): Not a specially helpful week ahead, yet you must keep busy getting urgent and important matters handled so that no loose ends can cause trouble later on. Make the most of April 13 and 14, without being too confident. Be cautious on April 15.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): Opportunities are possible and can be turned to good account. Seek gain, promotion, and favors on April 14 (after 9 p.m.), 15, and 16. Plan well.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 21): Be patient a while longer; meanwhile get all affairs in hand and outstanding matters finished. You'll want all your time to turn the near future to good account. Meanwhile April 17 and 18 just fair.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 21): Quite fair for most Aquarians just now, but diligence and wisdom may be needed to turn opportunities into definite gains. April 19 best; April 13 and 14 poor.

PISCES (February 21 to March 21): Just a week of days, so concentrate on routine. Better times just ahead. April 13 and 14 (daylight) just fair.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, thinks he has said good-bye to
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, who has been crowned King of the Wambesi tribe, near Fort Radi, Central Africa. Mandrake bids all his friends good-bye and starts off in his car.

Meanwhile Lothar, having discovered that he is supposed to marry a dozen wives, hastily abdicates and hurries after his master. They travel into the mountain country, where suddenly they find the road blocked, and are taken prisoners by bandits.

NOW READ ON:



MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 ... Now on sale at all newsagents ... DON'T MISS IT!



Remember! It takes more than washing to have whites like this

Washing gets the clothes clean but washing cannot keep linens a lovely white; only blue can do that, the last rinse in blue water. White things that are not rinsed in blue soon turn greyish-yellow. So remember that to have that lovely blue-white in linens you must give them a last rinse in Reckitt's Blue.

Reckitt's Blue

KEEPS YOUR LINEN A GOOD COLOUR



PAIN
THAT WAS
TORTURE

SHE HAD TO
TELL A
"white lie"

MEN CAN'T REALISE—and it's so hard to "explain" when dragging, exhausting muscular cramps mean broken appointments and "time off." On those days every month when you would give anything to be able to shake off that terrible feeling of weakness—try a couple of little Myzone tablets.

ALREADY five out of every nine women are blessing this wonderful new pain-relief. For Myzone's special active (anti-spasm) compound brings immediate—more complete and lasting—relief from severe period pain, headache and sick-feeling, than anything else you've ever known. All chemists.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

★ **Just take two** Myzone tablets with water, or cup of tea. Find blessed relief and new, bright comfort . . . absolutely safe—notice how there is no "doping." Try Myzone with your very next "pain."

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Printers: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

Quick Pile Relief

Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid is guaranteed to banish any form of pile misery, or money back. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. Vaculoid is a harmless tablet that removes blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of piles. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely or costs nothing. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

THEY'D never had any children of their own; if they were ever young themselves they'd forgotten all about it. That fearful hot journey—I can feel the soot on my damp forehead—lay like a nightmare between me and Philly. It was too much, all at once. What a jolt it is when you first realise that you are you, locked into yourself and nothing to be done about it. But you wouldn't dare admit this to anyone.

I don't know what I'd have done if it hadn't been for the dog, Pattyshells. He was called that because when he was a puppy he ate up a whole batch of pastry Aunt Hattie had ready for a lunch party. He was a big brown mutt with wonderful yellow eyes, and took to me at once. I used to tell him all sorts of crazy stuff when I couldn't talk to anyone else. I said to Wyn once, if I ever meet a man with eyes like Pattyshells' I'll tell him everything. And Wyn used to say, in the dark, now pretend I've got yellow eyes.

That sweltering afternoon when we got down to Manitou. Brick-paved streets you could fry an egg on, and soft cold smoke drifting across town, and those awful whistles from the railroad yard, and the gloomy bell every hour from the college. The college bell was Time. The engine screams were Distance. I wouldn't have said that then, but don't suppose kids don't feel these things.

We drove up shady old Thanksgiving Avenue with its brown and yellow houses and scrollwork porches, and I realised to my amazement that Uncle Elmer Taswell must be rich. The front door had long church-shape windows of colored glass; everything was shut up tight to keep out the heat; and as we went in down the hall came a blast of fried chicken and thick gravy and crackling ham with sugar and cloves.

When the first few terrible days were over, and I was registered for high school, and got back my appetite, I was curious about myself, wanted to know if these strange experiences made me look different. By tilting the bureau mirror a bit and standing on the bed I could get a fairly good view of myself in the glass. I had a feeling I was doing something fearfully wicked, and there wasn't any way to look my door, but Pat was lying on the floor like a door-stop, he noticed in hot weather that was the best place for a cool draught.

I took off all my clothes, and was looking myself over at various angles to see if I was anywhere near the same shape as some of the girls I admired in the movies. "The human form divine" was a phrase I must have seen somewhere, and I said it to myself with satisfaction, but honestly I don't think there was much divinity in that scrawny little nakedness.

I've never been able to put on an act of any kind to my own satisfaction, without something breaking it up, and sure enough Aunt Hattie started to come in. But it took long enough for her to shove old Pat out of the way so I could jump down from the bed and pretend to be getting something out of the bureau drawers.

Aunt Hattie was annoyed finding me like that; the way she ordered Pat out gave me the idea she didn't think it was quite decent for me to be undressing with a male dog in the room.

I tried sometimes to give Wyn an idea about the years I spent in Manitou, except summers when I'd go back to visit Pop. Wyn was curious about it, because he had the Philadelphia idea that people west of Paoli are yokels and peasantry.

The most significant thing that ever happened in Philly, though they don't know it yet, was when it quit being the terminus of the Pentway Railroad and grand old Broad Street Station became just a turn-around for the suburban trains. When people are happy, like Wyn's crowd, you don't tell them things. In Philly they thought they were the End of the Line. But Manitou was a Way Station. The trains yelled all night because they were on their way somewhere else; to Chicago one direction, or Denver and Los Angeles the other.

We kids used to go down to the Santa Fe depot to watch the

Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 3

flyer go through, and get a kick to know that Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford were aboard. It was a regular social item in the local paper: "Miss Dorothy Gish passed through town Thursday evening on The Chief." Maybe it's good for a town to hear about things that go by without stopping. "In Philly," Wyn would say, "we're not interested in anything until it stays here several generations."

It was wonderful how Wyn and I could talk about things without getting angry. At least, without him getting angry.

One time when Wyn thought he was drinking too much he tried what he called the Water Cure. Whenever he felt like a whiskey he'd take a long drink of cold water instead: or anyhow he'd take it first.

I'm trying to use memory as a water cure. I thought maybe getting into bed early and just thinking about things, getting them in order in my mind, remembering what came after what, and so much beauty, I thought that would be like dipping your hands in mountain water. It doesn't always work. I got so nervous I've been pacing round this apartment until I'm glad it's not a penthouse. I might have taken a dive.

My hat, when I think I was twenty-eight this year and what I've gone through in ten years, what everybody has gone through, it's almost funny. I wonder why they had to throw everything in the melting pot at once? First morals, and then economics, and now the whole international world.

I tried an experiment, to see if I could find out what was the matter with me. I made a list of the various things that get me jittered. Business, radio, liquor, newspapers, cigarettes, male companionship.

Maybe that's not the right order,

it's just the way they come to mind. I thought I'd do without one of them each day in turn and see if it made any difference? I started out on a Monday, and I omitted each of them in turn for one day. Cigarettes were the hardest. Then Sunday came along and just by chance all six elements happened to crowd into one day. That upset my reckoning and I didn't figure out which it was that disturbed me most.

What shatters me is not having anyone to tell things to, I mean really tell, the way Wyn and I used to. Maybe it's the different sound of the two voices, one female and one male, mixing into a chord like notes in music. Two female voices talking together is just chirping.

I'd like somehow to be cross-examined, sort of put on trial to give testimony under oath, so I could get things straightened out. I'm always fascinated by those Question and Answer transcripts that get printed now and then. They're obviously bogus and yet so much true human stuff comes through. I've even tried to do it myself.

Q. You realise that whatever you say will be used against you?

A. O.K. with me. It always has been.

Q. Do you plead guilty or innocent?

A. Guilty of being human, of having human desires and needs and hopes.

Q. You are accused of having been coarse or vulgar.

A. Not more than others, I think, only I was rash enough to express my thoughts.

Q. This made you happy?

A. No one has ever been happier. Oh please be sure the jury realises that!

Q. Why are you not happy now?

A. Because I'm not making anyone else happy.

Please turn to page 41

**perfect
casserole**

Lovely colour

the right thickness

splendid flavour

thanks to



BISTO

the gravy maker
for all meat dishes

In 2 oz., 4 oz., 8 oz. packets and ½ lb. and 1 lb. tins.

2GB Sunrise Service Broadcast

Easter ceremony in the Domain

One of the most impressive religious ceremonies which has developed in England and in America in recent years has been the observance of a Sunrise Service on Easter Sunday.

THE ceremony has become established as a sincere expression of religious inspiration.

Australia will see and hear a similar service for the first time this year at dawn on Easter Sunday.

The service, which will be inaugurated through arrangements made by 2GB, will be held in the Outer Domain around the site of Mrs. Macquarie's Chair.

It will follow closely along the lines which have created such a deep impression overseas, and will be in the hands of the widest possible representation of community interest, including clergy, laymen, and politicians.

Easter message

THE scripture reading and the benediction will be given by the Rev. A. J. Rolfe, headmaster of Malvern School; the prayer will be delivered by a layman, Mr. J. E. Barraclough; a "Message of Easter" will be the subject of an address by Mr. Athol Richardson (N.S.W. State Treasurer), while an address will be delivered by Dr. H. V. Evans, M.H.R.

Sunrise on Easter Sunday will be at 6.15, but the service will commence at 6 o'clock with a trumpet fanfare.

After the singing of hymns, scripture reading, and prayer, a massed



EASTER DAY scene at the Hollywood Bowl.

children's choir will sing the hymn "Christ the Lord Has Risen To-day."

The children will be robed in white and will be stationed in the form of a living cross.

The singing of all other hymns will be led by a massed choir, including the Metropolitan Railway Choir conducted by Herbert Tilbury, and augmented by choristers from churches of all denominations in the metropolitan area. The combined choir will sing "And the Glory" and the "Hallelujah Chorus" from "The Messiah."

Francis Hall, accompanied by a trumpeter, will sing "The Trumpet Shall Sound."

The whole of the service will be broadcast by 2GB.

The Easter Sunrise Service originated in Hollywood more than twenty years ago.

In 1919 a small group of citizens met at an improvised platform in the hills above Hollywood to greet the dawn of the resurrection morning.

Grown tenfold

IN the following year the attendance had grown tenfold, and as the years have passed since then the ceremony has become one of the greatest communal inspiration gatherings which America knows.

When the Hollywood Community Chorus organisation, which arranged the first Easter service, completed the construction of the Hollywood Bowl, an open-air amphitheatre with 20,000 seats, the Easter service took on a new significance, and so great an interest has attached to it, in fact, that the attendance at the ceremony last year exceeded 30,000.

Great artists and the massed audience unite in welcoming the dawn of the greatest day in the Christian year. It is on that pattern that the Sydney service has been fashioned.

THIS week's winner of 10/6 in Goodie Reeve's "Memories for the Asking," 2GB, Saturday, 4.30 p.m.: Mrs. G. Shepherd, 108 Dennis Street, Leckemba.

Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 40

I SUPPOSE there would be disorder in court at this point, or some lawyer would offer an "objection"? What a stupid word "happy" is, too; if you say it over three or four times to yourself it sounds positively insane. But anyhow I'm taking testimony from myself now and there aren't any rules; I'll appeal the case right up to the Supreme Court if necessary. I'm paying costs, so I have the right to do so.

Q. Did you make Wyn happy?

A. I think so. Yes, I know so.

Q. Then why did you leave him?

A. If I had done what he wanted, other people would have made him unhappier than I could have made him happy.

Q. What do you mean?

A. He was the product of a system. He was at the mercy of that system.

Q. Is it not your conviction that there are now no systems? That the whole of society is in flux?

A. Not in—I mean, not where Wyn lives.

Q. Was not the way you left him rather cruel?

A. I was afraid you'd ask that. Yes, it was. But I had to be tough with him, otherwise he'd always have felt he had been unfair to me, and it would have made him wretched.

Q. You think, then, he is not unhappy now?

A. Yes. No. Ask that again, please.

Q. You think Wyn is happy now?

A. I think his life is full of delightful routines. He has what the government calls Social Security. Oh, and how. Read the "Public Ledger" on Sundays, or whatever papers they have now.

Q. You think you could have made something more important of him?

A. I could have taught him to do the Wrong Thing sometimes.

Q. What, in Philadelphia?

A. We could have lived somewhere else.

Q. Are you quite fair to Philadelphia?

A. I am thinking of it only as a symbol. Actually I love it dearly.

Q. But are they not the most charming people in the world?

A. Of course. But the enemies of the Future are always the very nicest people.

Q. You think the Future should be encouraged?

A. That's a goofy question, my darling; it's on our backs already. Wyn was so much interested in it when he had a chance. What a man he might have been if everything hadn't been laid in his lap.

Q. Is your mind going to go round and round like this indefinitely?

A. How's about going to bed and try for some sleep.

I can't help laughing. I found myself continuing my cross-examination in the bath-tub, which is a grand place to think. A sort of spiritual wash-behind-the-ears. It would be comical if the defendant was carried into court in a steaming tub. But it wouldn't be a bad way to get at the truth; if that's what they really want.

A WORD comes into your mind, and what a lot it starts. The word was Pocono. I dare say it doesn't mean much except to Philadelphia people. It's mountain country up beyond Stroudsburg, where the absolutely right people go for their particular kind of well-bred whoopee. That was the first place I ever saw mountains. Wyn said of the Pocono crowd: They can make even mountains behave. Sometimes we thought we fooled 'em. I hope there'll never be an earthquake up that way; I'm thinking of that big rock near Buck Hill Falls where Wyn and I buried our letters. Moonlight up there gets bright enough to read by.

Easy now, easy now. Pop used to say when I got too much steamed up. Take it easy Kitty. I ought to learn not to try to tell anybody about anything. I used to get a laugh when people in Chicago talked about their local scenery, which they like to think is pretty swell; such as Lake Geneva up in Wisconsin, or the Mississippi at Nauvoo. Once I got peevish and said: You poor souls ought to see the Water Gap. They all thought it was just an embarrassing wisecrack. Scenery in the Midwest is like rouge on a colored girl; it means well, but it's always pathetic.

Q. Let's pull ourselves together. What was it about Pocono?

A. That was where I got some idea how simple and sweet things can be. The first time Wyn and I went away together I was so utterly miserable I didn't suppose we'd ever be happy again. He took me to an hotel in Harrisburg, where we got a lot of foul bootleg booze to keep up our spirits. Imagine trying to drink yourself into happiness on liquor. But lots of people were doing it these days. We didn't know any better.

Q. Harrisburg sounds like a queer place for an elopement.

A. Wyn said there were always so many freaks in Harrisburg, people for the legislature. I guess, we wouldn't be noticed. It was pretty simple of him, because Wyn stood out as a gentleman anywhere. I can't imagine any place where he would have looked more unique. Poor boy, maybe it was nervousness or something, he drank so much he simply went to sleep and I lay and cried all night. Don't make me think of it, it was horrible. I remember when I packed my bag again to come back, thinking how happy I thought I was going to be when I packed it before. Don't let women think about things like that; they know too much about 'em.

Q. Let's get back to Pocono.

A. Wyn took me there because he wanted me to go somewhere he loved. His family had a big camp up there, but we went to a little cabin on a lonely pond. It was off season, in autumn, but we went swimming and we built a big fire and lay on blankets in front of it. I was so stupid I hadn't ever known that Wyn was beautiful till I saw him stand on the beach. Wonderful to be straight and clean like that, all the way up from your feet to your shoulders. And the freight on the rafters of the cabin. What was nice, he thought I was beautiful too. Maybe I was; I felt so.

Please turn to page 42

"War Nerves" give you Sleepless Nights?

How can you sleep when run-down nerves are keeping you jumpy, wakeful and worried? Drugs won't do—they only dope the system temporarily. What you should do is build up your nerve strength with Phosphorated Iron—a scientific combination of organic iron, phosphorus and other special nerve-tonic elements concentrated in easy-to-take tablets.

Phosphorated Iron restores, calms and strengthens weak, run-down nerves. Quickly builds fresh reserves of nerve force. Read how it helped Mr. R. A. Hart, of 4 King Edward Street, Rockdale, N.S.W., to end his sleepless nights. Mr. Hart writes: "I am a returned soldier who has undergone 30 major operations for war wounds. My nerves were completely run down and I could not sleep. I have taken one bottle of Phosphorated Iron and now I can sleep without any drugs. I am feeling a new man already." Decide now to build up your nerves, and end the worry and torture of sleepless nights this safe, positive way. Ask your chemist for Phosphorated Iron to-day.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 2 pints a day of about 3 pints of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood, causing nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent and scanty passages with stinging and burning show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS to-day—the remedy that will make you well and keep you well.

Hairdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-Made Grey Hair Remedy.

Miss Diana Manners, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice: "There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, made up from an ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce of Glycerine and a small box of Olex Compound, mixed with a half-pint of water. Any chemist can supply these ingredients at a small cost and the mixing is so easy you can do it yourself and save the extra expense. "By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, grease or gum and does not rub off. It should make any grey haired person vastly more youthful in appearance."

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

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HEY HO, EVERYBODY!

This is JACK DAVEY calling you to . . .

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"WHAT'S MY NAME JACKPOTS"

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YOU MAY NEVER HAVE TOUCHED A PIANO BEFORE— It makes no difference. You can learn, wherever you live, in your spare time, to play the piano with distinction and ease. Through the Arkins' Home Study Method hundreds of men and women and boys and girls have learned to play the piano better than they had ever dreamed possible.

YOU CAN ACTUALLY LEARN IN A FEW DAYS

to play simple tunes, set in ordinary and NOT Patent music; in a few weeks you may master many simple yet beautiful selections and progress so that you will soon be able, at sight, to play almost any tune, read any music, and entertain yourself, your family and your friends.

READ THIS: "I HAVE LEARNED MORE IN TWO MONTHS from your System than I could have learnt in two years anywhere else."—Miss Annie Kline, Footscray, Melbourne, Vic.

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You get quick relief from that tired, strained feeling with cleansing, soothing Murine. A drop in each eye is the modern way to wash away irritation. Eye dropper with every bottle. Ask your chemist...

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It might have been serious...

"Yes, I know those roller skates are great fun for Ted—but, my goodness, how he's cut and scratched himself since he got them. And he gets so filthy he's a regular breeding ground for germs. He might have finished up in hospital long ago—if it hadn't been for 'Dettol'."



'Dettol', the modern antiseptic, is endorsed by the Medical Profession and used in the great hospitals because it kills germs instantly, yet its gentle action upon tissue permits safe, rapid healing. 'Dettol' is a clean, clear, non-poisonous fluid, pleasant to smell and simple to use. It is a reliable safeguard against infection and is equally effective for intimate feminine hygiene. Sold by chemists only.

... if it hadn't been for

'Dettol'

RECKITT & COLMAN (AUSTRALIA) LTD.

(Pharmaceuticals) Dept., Sydney



I JUST stopped for a moment to smile—and to sigh. Now on with the questions and answers.

Q. What did Wyn say about fire-light?

A. It was the first kind of light men and women ever made love in. He turned open fires for me; I can't ever see one and be happy. Do you remember how we invented games?

Q. The one about the tunes?

A. Yes! He would tap off a tune on my back with his fingertips and I'd have to guess what it was. He never fooled me once, all the tunes he could think of were so familiar. But I caught him with Irish songs.

Q. And you had a language of your own?

A. But that grew up gradually. Oh, I hope everybody in the world has had that, little silly phrases known only to themselves that become so dear and so important.

I got tired of cross-examining. I don't always think of the right questions to ask myself.

We brought grub with us and cooked it ourselves. Then Wyn piled the fire high with birch logs and we had coffee and cigarettes sitting on the floor and I watched the fire-light.

I think it was then we had our grand discussion about the Social Revolution. Wyn said no woman really knows how to live until some man teaches her, and that in our time men were teaching women to lay aside taboos and formalities and make-beliefs. From Wyn, that makes me smile!

There never was anybody whose whole existence was so settled upon a whole lot of people doing a comfortable make-believe. I couldn't argue about it then the way I maybe could now. I was in the absolute joy and glory of our love. There was no past, no future, just firelight and the happiness of his strong hands.

It's a good instinct for lovers to start those he-she arguments, it keeps emphasising the difference, which is what they are really thinking about. The more he would tell me solemnly it was man's job to teach woman about beauty the more he was really asking me to help him learn. What a baby he was under all his nice manners. I hope that Main Line crowd is good to him. I hate to think of his growing just a gentleman and nothing else.

It was a Social Revolution for me all right. In spite of the fact that Wyn himself knew almost nothing of life, all its small anxieties and makeshifts, problems of grocery bills and insurance and clean clothes, all the things you see written on people's faces in the subway, in spite of his

Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 41

comfortable ignorance of all that, it was his love that taught me everything. Maybe not so much his love of me, but the love I gave him. It was all very well for Wyn to sound off about woman giving up taboos and conventions. When a woman gives up her conventions she's really handing you something, because she only has two or three and they're all tied up with her actual physical existence. Men have any number of conventions and they can spare as many as they happen to feel like doing without.

Anyhow, the kind of women Wyn was talking about live in a different world. I know, because I remember the names he used to mention just casually when we talked. Most of them were women who'd had everything, and didn't know what to do with it when they had it; and how they resented anyone else grabbing a crust here and there.

I think I learned a good deal when I came to New York and took to riding the subway. There's a lot to be seen in the faces in those trains.



DUSTY-PINK wool jersey dinner dress from Cresta, made with gathered yoke, bishop sleeves and panelled skirt. For further enchantment an antique Persian necklet and earrings.

If you can read. In Philly, Wyn and his crowd hardly even knew there was a subway. They rode the subway instead; the suburban trains. If Wyn and I were still having our arguments I can just imagine how sore he'd be, by this time, about the New Deal. Yes, a lot of it I dare say is unfair, just the same I'm definitely on the side of the underprivileged.

In that little cabin up in the Pocomos we noticed an amusing thing. There was an electric light bulb high up in the room, with a string hanging down to switch it by. A spider wove his web at the end of the string in such a way that it caught the string up in a loop which was filled with his fuzzy silk and thick with small flies. He must have noticed there was always business right under the bulb, and made use of it for his own purpose.

I guess Nature builds her web right under the big bright light of human life, and she catches plenty.

But coming back from Pocomo to Illinois—the first thing that happened when I got to Thanksgiving Avenue, Manitou, was finding we had two bathrooms. That made me realise I had made a big step upward. Uncle and Auntie had a bathroom of their own, and I was told that the guest bathroom was for me to use.

One of the first things Aunt Hattie did after my arrival was to go to the telephone, probably to call up her pal, Mrs. Welsenkorn. Unless I had heard Auntie and Mrs. Welsenkorn on the phone for four years I wouldn't know to what depths human conversation can sink. They had it all worked out in their minds before I ever got there. Trudy Welsenkorn and I were to be best friends. But Trudy, a little fathead, pale thing with eyes the color of oysters, was several months younger than me, and we had nothing in common.

Besides, I soon palled up with Molly Scharf.

Another thing that hit me at first was there being a phone in the house. Back on Gracom Street Pop never would have one. He pretended he couldn't afford it, but actually it was not to be waked up in his daytime sleep. Besides we didn't need one. The shops were just round the corner on Frankford Avenue, and most of our friends within a few blocks. But, of course, since children are always sensitive about any kind of differences, I had an inferiority because we had no phone, and our house was only two stories. To move into a big dwelling with three stories, two bathrooms, and a phone was a thrill.

I don't know how I'd have got through the first bad days in Manitou if it hadn't been for the Paper Doll House. When I packed up to travel I intended to leave such childishness behind, but in a last desperate moment I included it.

I suppose all small girls play the same game. You cut out, from the advertising pages of magazines, furniture and rugs and trimmings for each room in a luxurious imaginary home. These are carefully pasted in a scrap-book, and you take paper dolls on visits through these marvels of perfect equipment. The splendours of the dream house are limited only by your industry with scissors and your access to the right kind of magazines.

Please turn to page 43

Dab! Dab!

Powdering her nose
all the time.



Why doesn't she end "shiny nose" trouble by using Revelry, the face powder that has extra cling?

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FREE SAMPLE

A smart little box of Revelry Face Powder, suitable for all skin types, is free. Just clip this advertisement, attach your name and address, and send required. Post to: J. & E. ATKINSON PTY. LTD., Box 3310R, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Countless women are indebted to Paul Van Schuyler for his discovery of

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The daily use of WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM provides much needed beneficial exercise for your teeth and gums, thus helping to maintain a normal, healthy condition and brightening your teeth in Nature's way. That is why doctors and dentists recommend it. Constant chewing exercise also strengthens the muscles of your face and helps you keep youthful con-

ditions. It satisfies a craving for sweets and at the same time ensures a cool mouth and a pleasant breath. It is a wonderful soothe of nerves. It aids digestion and improves your appetite. Children love it, too. A choice of three flavours: P.K. (ginger peppermint), Spearmint (real garden mint) and Juicy Fruit (deliciously different). All are delicious and refreshing—buy some to-day.

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Three delicious flavours. An Australian product. On sale everywhere.

AU15

ONCE in a while I'd get my hands on an architecture or interior decorating magazine and Mrs. J. Lushy Lewisohn's Spanish Breakfast Grotto at Grosse Pointe would go at once into my mansion. It was grand fun to get together with another small girl on a rainy afternoon and go leisurely through the details of one another's dream houses, putting appropriate dresses on the paper dolls for entertainments of splendour.

But although I had supposed that in my new luxurious setting I'd scorn this childish joy, but having brought the scrap-book with me, and the old Fanny Farmer Candy-box with the family of dolls, I fell back on them in those lonely first days at Manitou. The dog Patsyshell was a big help, because I could explain all this to him without fear of being laughed at. The leading lady of my troupe of dolls was called Nancy Wynne, a name I had picked up from the society columns of the "Public Ledger."

It was those paper dolls—all named for leaders of Philadelphia society I saw mentioned week after week in the newspaper—that started my friendship with Molly Scharf. It was a hot afternoon and I took my things down on the front porch. Uncle Elmer gave me a catalogue, which offered grand cut-out material. I was absorbed in the discovery of all sorts of additions for the dream house, and wondering how to fit them into my already crowded scrap-book.

A gust of wind broke the sultry stillness and dolls and cuttings blew out over the lawn. I ran to retrieve them, ashamed of such publicity, and a girl who was walking by helped me pick them up. I was greatly embarrassed, but to my astonishment she said, "I like to cut out, too."

She came up on the porch to see my collection, and by the time Aunt Hattie discovered us there and brought some root beer, we were great friends. Molly also had a dream house, and I was much impressed by her ingenuity, she kept it loose in a letter-file instead of pasting in a book. That made rearrangements and additions much easier. She was much taken with the aristocratic Philadelphia names of my dolls which sounded very swanky to her. She insisted on "some good Philadelphia names" for her own paper family, and Mrs. Roosevelt Rittenhouse or Mrs. E. Cynwyd Lloyd would have been surprised to know themselves leading a phantom life in Illinois.

I can see now, when I think about it, that my respect for Philadelphia society must have started in those

Continued from page 42

long mornings keeping quiet with the Sunday paper while Pop was asleep. But it was funny, considering things that happened later, the way those names occupied my imagination in childhood. They fascinated Molly, too; she swapped a plaid hair-ribbon for the privilege of calling one of her dolls Cadwalader Shippen.

Molly and I were secretly ashamed of this paper doll business, but we hadn't have been, it developed later into a real interest in dress and furniture and it isn't just accident that she now has a fine job in the interior decorating at Palmer's in Chicago. Her father had the big stationery and magazine shop down on Main Street so she was able to get hold of all sorts of recherche magazines for us to cut up.

We were both rather on the defensive; we were entering high school, and that happens when a kid is most on guard against betraying its feelings in any way, terribly anxious to do the right thing. Just when all sorts of queer news is churning around inside they begin to throw schoolwork at you in big chunks.

The Manitou High School always had a fine reputation for studies, and that year was the opening of the new building, for which the taxpayers had gone deep in their pockets. It was a fine plant with all the latest improvements, green blackboards and cafeteria and theatrical lighting equipment and bubbling-head drinking fountains at which I never could get a drink without soaking the front of my blouse.

I think one reason the school board went so far into luxury was to put old Prairie College on its mettle, that being a private foundation which had been going on without much excitement since the Lincoln-Douglas debates. The new high school adjoined the Prairie campus and dwarfed any of the college buildings. In spite of which we kids looked with some jealousy or secret admiration at the college boys and girls, imitated their mannerisms, and wondered what it must feel like to know so much. It was a shock to this hero worship when the high school football team played the varsity and won.

In the big jubilation of the opening of the new building that year, high school freshmen slipped in almost unnoticed. I was in an acute state of sensitiveness, for mixed with a comical feeling of superiority because I came from the sacred East

Kitty Foyle

was the natural shyness of the stranger. I soon got the nickname Philly or Philly because the history teacher always called on me to answer any questions about the American Revolution. "Kitty," he would say, "tell us what happened at Independence Hall in 1776." It was no good for me to insist, as I had been taught at home, that real Philadelphians never spoke of Independence Hall but always of the State House.

There was an opening celebration, when the whole school and parents assembled in the beautiful auditorium and the board of education made speeches and the high school band wore its new uniforms. A brilliant silk Stars and Stripes with gold fringes was unfurled, we recited the Salute to the Flag and the band played "My Country 'Tis of Thee." My heart with rapture thrilled, sure enough, I think it was my first real sense of what they call patriotism. You have to get away from the big cities of the East to feel it. Back East we are so concerned with being a Philadelphian or a New Yorker or a Bostonian or whatnot that the general idea of being an American doesn't occur.

The big towns, Wyn used to say, have outgrown being patriotic. As for Philly, it invented the United States, then turned the idea over to other people to manage, and went back to its own affairs—by which he really meant the Assembly, the Symphony, Cricket, and Fish House Punch.

WHEN I think back about it I can't be grateful enough for the chance I had of that middle-west period. Those wide, wide spaces all around, full of food by day and of stars at night. There didn't seem to be anything to worry about; in fact, I don't think people were worrying much those days, what Wyn calls the Little Golden Age, 1924 to 1929. If you didn't know what to do with yourself you could always turn on the radio.

That was another thing we didn't have on Gracem Street. Pop said he liked to read his paper in peace without people talking to him out of the air. But Uncle Elmer had just fallen for it when I came to Manitou; he said the if Sears Roebuck took it up it must be all right, though Aunt Hattie still had the idea it was dangerous in thunderstorms.

I was one of the first generation that learned to do its homework with the radio turned on. Older people have kidded us a lot about that, but I think somehow it taught us to get the general drift of what's going on, all the miscellaneous chatter of life, without paying too much attention to details.

Women are a lot smarter than they let on to be. They know about fashions, which men haven't got the idea of. There are fashions in saying things just as there are fashions in clothes. You wear what other people are wearing not so much because it's attractive, but so as not to be conspicuous; so you can go on being yourself underneath, without being noticed too much. Except by the people you want to be noticed by.

I'm mixing myself up, I'm thinking of those long prairie afternoons when Molly and I would sit in the living-room with the radio going and getting our lessons for next day. Until Uncle Elmer came home from the cornplanter factory and turned on some programme that told him what the Chicago grain markets had been doing.

Uncle Elmer welcomed the radio specially because I think he believed it would keep Aunt Hattie from talking so much on the phone. He nearly went crazy whenever she was on the phone with someone; whatever she said he would yell out suggestions or corrections; of course she got rattled, and whatever call she ever made she had to do it over again a few minutes later to straighten it out.

Poor soul, it came her turn to be corresponding secretary of the Women's Club and what a time they had. They'd been trying for years to get Vachel Lindsay to come and recite. When he did come Aunt Hattie somehow got him promised to have lunch at three different houses simultaneously. As a matter of fact, he had such a good time with the kids at high school that he forgot all about his dates and stayed with us in the cafeteria.

Please turn to page 44

GAY COLOURS
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for Baby

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Laid me up for 6 months



Now says he is
Quite a different man

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Name _____ Address _____ DWV124

Kitty Foyle

Continued from page 43

I SPECIALLY remember Vachel Lindsay's visit to our school, because it was the first time any of us had seen a real live poet; he looked just like anybody you saw along Main Street. When he said the most romantic thing in Manitou was The Hump where they shunt freight cars, we didn't know what he meant, and the literature department, which was working hard on "The Lady of the Lake," was upset.

If I could go to school all over again maybe I'd get more out of it. I wonder. Probably not if I had another little devil like Lydia Mason sitting at the desk and turning everything into comedy. I admit, the reading they give you to study in the College Preparatory course does sound a bit haywire to the kids. To a bunch of youngsters in a prairie town, "The Ancient Mariner" and "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Lady of the Lake" seem pretty weird, and they're loaded with dynamite in the way of unexpected laughs.

I got along better than most with "The Lady of the Lake," because in the glass case in the living-room Uncle Elmer had a fine old illustrated copy. The pictures really gave me some idea of what it was all about. I felt it was my poem in a way on account of the lake being called Loch Katrine, Scotch for Kitty.

What the rest of the class visualised I can't imagine. Certainly I don't think any of us had ever seen a mountain in our lives, nor a castle, nor a Highland Chief wearing kilts. Good old Miss Elliman, our literature teacher, loved all that stuff and tried hard to explain, but I remember best the crazy notes Lydia used to scribble in the margin and push the book under my eye.

I don't remember just when it came, but one tough spot was when we studied "Midsummer Night's Dream." Miss Elliman had played a part in it in some open-air performance and she gave us the misty-eyed angle on the King and Queen of the fairies and the "kindly comedy" of Bottom. It was terrible what a lot of tough cracks we used to find in that dialogue; we'd all be gargling away in fits of laughter and poor Miss Elliman puzzled and distressed. I never had much idea what the play was all about, but in the strangest way kids guess some meaning underneath these things even if they're still too dumb to express it or too brazen to admit. I know now. I know, oh, how well, some of the things those writers were trying to say.

All this fooling, I guess, was a crude way of trying to make these queer things real to ourselves, in terms we could understand? I've so often promised myself to read some of those old books over again and see what's in them. When Lydia would let me alone I got a thrill out of them, and found they put pictures in my mind. Lydia got appendicitis and dropped into another section, which was good for literature.

I used to wake up pretty early in the morning. My room was on the south and east corner of the house—anyhow so Uncle Elmer said; the geography of the compass is something I never feel sure about. Uplown and downtown are the only directions most women figure on. After the dark little house on Griscom Street I was astonished by the flood of light that pours on a prairie town.

The first thing you hear mornings in Manitou is the early Q train to Chicago. It's too early to get up and too late to go to sleep again. After you get used to it, it's fun to be awakened every morning by a train. It makes you think about going places. I could hear the old thing rumble over the culvert on the north side of town and set off across the prairie.

At Princeton the news company butcher comes through with box lunches. When Aunt Hattie and I would go on a Saturday excursion to Chicago, one of those elastic sandwiches would keep me champing all the way to the Cicero yard.

As soon as he heard the Q whistle Pattyshells would have to go out, pronto. To help me through my first home-sickness he was allowed to sleep in my room, which astonished him. I used to recite the next day's lessons to him before going to bed. He was much better than Molly Scharf to study with, except that if you read him a certain kind of poetry he'd get excited and start to bark. That was one way of finding out if it was really good

poetry. "The Ancient Mariner" and some of Vachel Lindsay would send him into fits, but Walt Whitman and Shakespeare never raised a hair on his spine.

I look out the window, down Thanksgiving Avenue, where the big elm trees have rumbled up the brick pavement. In winter time I can just see the window of Molly's bedroom, a little way down the street on the other side. If her shade is still down I know I better get back to bed a while.

If it's spring, and the weather's warm, there are all sorts of interesting noises from outside. Down by the Santa Fe tracks I can hear the rattle of hoofs from the mule market where a big string of animals has come into town for sale. In the backyard maybe the splash of the hose where Bernie Jansen is washing the dust off Uncle Elmer's car.

BERNIE was working his way through college by doing odd jobs, one of those slow, persistent Swedish boys. He's worried about his lessons, too. I can see him repeating things to himself as he washes the car and sometimes he goes back to the door of the garage where he has a book propped up on top of a ladder. He eats breakfast with us and then goes to college. I had to give up walking down with him because he always wanted to recite his homework to me and I wanted to do the same to him.

Certain days a week he turns up in military uniform because he has drill in the Officers' Training Corps.

Those days I really admired him, though I never got used to the idea of a boy having such pale hair. But at that age a kid has to have someone to admire, and he was the first boy I ever saw in Manitou. What was furthermore I thought it romantic that his name was Bernadotte, he said he was named for some famous Swedish general. The old Manitou Opera House was still working occasionally, road companies would play there once in a while.

My first winter a ridiculous melodrama called "A Little Girl in a Big City" came to town. All of us kids went, of course, and yelled and whistled and stamped, but we took it pretty seriously, too.

It was better to stay in bed until Aunt Hattie tapped on the door at seven o'clock. She felt more easy in her mind if she found me seemingly asleep. I had plenty of time to pretend because at seven o'clock Uncle Elmer's alarm clock would go off, and he would turn on the radio for his setting-up exercises.

Nowadays I regard the radio like liquor—you should never take it before lunch-time, so I don't know if people still use it for morning gymnastics. But the Little Golden Age was the time for that sort of thing; Uncle Elmer and everyone else was full of the notion that every day in every way, etc., the world was going to be more prosperous and more folksy and cut down its waistline and all the Socialists are crazy.

I guess it was because he was just at the dangerous age; I wonder

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WEDNESDAY, April 9—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, April 10—Half-hour of Music.

FRIDAY, April 11—"Melody Mysteries" Competition and Results.

SATURDAY, April 12—Goodie Reeve presents "Memories for the Asking."

SUNDAY, April 13—June Marsden—Astrology for the Business Folk—Gardening by the Stars. Special: British Horoscopes.

MONDAY, April 14—"With the A.I.F. Overseas."

TUESDAY, April 15—June Marsden—Astrology for Women.

why men's dangerous age comes about thirty years later than women's? Does it take them that much longer to see how hopeless things are? Or is it that all women's ages are dangerous?

Anyhow, poor soul, he managed to stupefy himself with radio and routine. I could hear him grunting and his knees cracking as he did his exercises; then he'd come to breakfast and we'd have the Jolly Bill and Jane programme with our oatmeal.

To be continued

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

HAPPY MOTHERHOOD



Baby shouldn't be an anxiety to you when teething. Providing that the motions are kept easy and regular and the blood cool, there need be no fretting and peevishness when the first little teeth appear. That is exactly what Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders do. They keep baby happy because they keep him healthy, and they are absolutely safe.

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The Homemaker

April 12, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

45

GAIETY FROM THE GARDEN ... in the winter

DON'T let the lack of flowers in winter rob you of color and gaiety in the garden and house. Vari-toned autumn leaves, vivid berries, quaint pods, ornamental grasses and hosts of other foliage and seeds can all be utilised instead of flowers.

—says OUR HOME GARDENER

ONCE the autumn flower flush is over the garden will begin to look bare and shabby, and those vases in the home will hang out the "To let" sign.

But you can be independent of the florist, for autumn berries and foliage are gay and easy to find.

Take the sweet brier hips, the hawthorn haws, the berries of the berberis, cotoneaster, and crataegus; what could be brighter or more colorful—and they last a long time.

If you planted some of the ornamental or even some of the big and little culinary chilies last spring, they should be fruiting now, and those bright red, peppery fruits make most ornamental indoor decorations.

LUNARIA or Honesty. The seed pods of this plant are transparent and make a most unusual and attractive house decoration when arranged like this in a tall vase.

They last well in water if the woody stems are crushed or the bark peeled back a few inches.

If you are lucky enough to possess an American oak, in a very short time you should be able to

cut sprigs of its bright red autumn foliage.

Those gorgeous copper beech leaves, colorful maples, liquidambar, many ferns, and quite a number of our native deciduous shrubs whose foliage turns a bright color can also be preserved for winter gaiety in the home.

Firstly you cut the twigs carrying the leaves before they reach the stage when they begin to fall nautically. Then you mix up 1lb. of commercial glycerine with an equal quantity of water, and you lay your sprays in this mixture while they are fresh, leaving them there for about a fortnight.

All you do then is take them out and let them hang up to drain, and they will keep for months. In some cases, where the foliage is very fleshy and inclined to curl after being removed from the glycerine it is advisable to press them lightly between sheets of blotting paper, but this process should not be prolonged or all the material will be absorbed and the leaves will perish.

If you have had a good crop of nigella (love-in-a-mist) and it has gone to seed, take the seed pods out, let them dry, and then dip them in thin glue, afterwards sprinkling them with one of the many tinsel dusts or powdered foil.

Honesty or lady's looking-glass seed pods last for years, if cut before they begin to fall. They should be tied in loose bunches upside down to dry in a warm, dry room or shed.

Preserving the flowers

THE same applies to statice of most kinds, and to all our native as well as introduced everlasting flowers.

Some of the rather ornamental thistle heads, teasels, most of our gum nuts, the seed pods of some of the grevilleas, and all the big poppy heads should also be saved.

Poppy heads should be picked when ripe, the seeds shaken out and then dipped or painted with bright colored duco or enamel.

New Zealand flax, the big broad blades of the N.Z.W. giant lily, and many other strong, fibrous leaves will make ideal ornaments for big vases if given a coat of thin varnish first and then coated with enamel or duco.

Even small pumpkins, many of the cucumbers, and pine cones of all sorts will suggest to the woman of taste and artistic tendencies many novel indoor ornaments.

Pine cones, in fact, particularly the giants of the bunya bunya pine, the tight little cones of the Monterey pine, and bunches of the pungent yew cones, can be painted or sprayed, and converted into wonderfully bright decorations for the fireplace, the table or window sill.



EUCALYPTUS EUROPAE. This plant bears bright pink berries which, because of a cross indented upon them, are often called "Hot Cross Bun Berries." They are decorative for both house and garden.

Many of our ornamental grasses, such as canariensis, wallaby grass, shivery grass, and most of the love grasses have most decorative seeds, and if thoroughly dried before they begin to cast their seed will mix well with everlasting flowers and the painted seed heads mentioned.

Other seeds that can be used in the home where grown-ups only are likely to handle them are those of

the guelder rose, holly, honeysuckle, cuckoo pint, nightshades, daturas, and arum lilies, but should be kept out of the reach of children for they are all poisonous, although they are bright and pretty.

The ornamental fruits of the berberis, the arbutus, crab apple, wild pear, the wooden pear, and many native shrubs will also help to brighten the home during the dull days of winter.

"I DIDN'T EXPECT TO GET HERE
MY HEAD WAS SO BAD"



MAKE THIS TEST

Drop a Bayer's Aspirin Tablet into a glass of water. In a seconds—by the time it hits the bottom of the glass—it is disintegrating. See for yourself this way why Bayer's Aspirin acts so quickly.

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HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS

The world's best—never fail—they're stronger more economical—and British

To Relieve Catarrh Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises

Persons suffering from catarrhal deafness, or who are growing hard of hearing and have head noises will be glad to know that this distressing affliction can now be successfully treated at home by an internal medicine that in every instance has effected complete relief after other treatments have failed. Sufferers who could scarcely hear have had their hearing restored to such an extent that the tick of a watch was plainly audible seven or eight inches away from either ear. Therefore, if you know of someone who is troubled with head noises or catarrhal deafness, cut out this formula and hand it to them and you may have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. The prescription can be prepared at home and is made as follows:—

Secure from your chemist 1 ounce Farmint (double-strength). Take this home and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar; stir until dissolved. Take a dessertspoonful four times a day. Farmint is used in this way not only to reduce by tonic action the inflammation and swelling in the Eustachian Tubes, and thus to equalize the air pressure on the drum, but to correct any excess of secretions in the middle ear, and the results it gives are quick and effective.

Every person who has catarrh in any form, or distressing rumbling, hissing sounds in their ears, should give this recipe a trial.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.



MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says: To clean good suede gloves like those worn by Rosalind Russell, Universal star, above, rub well while on the hands with fuller's earth applied with small brush.

HAWAIIAN SHORTBREAD

wins first prize in recipe competition

OTHER recipes win consolation prizes and are published below. This contest is open to all readers, so you, too, can enter your favorite recipe and maybe win a cash prize for it.

EVERY week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received, and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

All you have to do to enter our best recipe competition is write out your recipe, attach name and address and send to this office.

HAWAIIAN SHORTBREAD

Half-pound flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 4oz. butter, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 6oz. castor sugar, 1 tablespoon cream or milk. Sift 6oz. of the flour with baking powder and salt into a basin. Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg and cream, and vanilla essence. Stir till well blended, add sifted flour, mix well, gradually adding remainder of flour to make stiff dough. Chill well, divide into two. Turn on to lightly-floured board, shape into two rounds, and roll out one-third of an inch thick.

Hawaiian Filling: Half-cup castor sugar, 2 teaspoons cornflour, 1 cup crushed pineapple, 2 ripe bananas, 1½ tablespoons lemon juice. Put castor sugar, cornflour, and pineapple into a saucepan, stir over low heat till thick, remove from fire and when cool add mashed bananas and lemon juice. Leave till cold. Spread on half of shortbread, cover with other half, press edges together and bake in moderate oven for 15 minutes.

First Prize of £1 to F. Nuske, Box 16, Lorne, via Nhill, Vic.

ALMOND FAIRY CAKE

Half pound butter, ½ lb. soft sugar, 3 eggs, 6 tablespoons self-raising flour, 6 tablespoons cornflour, 6 tablespoons cream, 1 teaspoon essence of lemon. Beat butter and sugar to cream, add eggs singly, well beating each. Add cream a tablespoon at a time, then essence. Sift in flour and cornflour and beat lightly. Line cake tin with greased paper, put in mixture, and bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

Filling: One tablespoon butter, essence of almonds, juice half lemon, icing sugar. Melt butter, add icing

sugar, juice of lemon and almond essence to taste. Keep on adding icing sugar until you get right consistency. Warm slightly to spread on cake.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Olga Burke, 54 Church St., Newcastle, N.S.W.

DAFFODIL MERINGUE

Two tablespoons tapioca, 3 tablespoons honey, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 pint boiling water, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon butter, pinch of salt.

Moisten tapioca with a little cold water, then stir it into boiling water. Beat yolks of eggs well, and beat in honey with lemon juice and butter. Add this gradually to tapioca. Cook over hot water for about 20 minutes, until it thickens. Pour into buttered dish, then cover with a meringue made from whites of eggs beaten with 3 tablespoons of sugar. Bake till delicate brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Carse, 38 Staggpole St., West End, Townsville, Qld.

SARDINE AND TOMATO PIE

One large tin sardines, 4 medium-sized tomatoes, 2 carrots, 2 white onions, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-8th teaspoon pepper.

Melt butter in pie-dish. Cut onions and carrots in rings, place in pie-dish and cook in oven till onions are lightly browned. Cover with skinned sliced tomatoes, sprinkle with sardine oil, little salt and pepper.

Cover with grease-proof paper, replace in oven till carrots are tender. Remove paper, place sardines on top of tomatoes, sprinkle with grated cheese. Return to oven until cheese is melted, then serve.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Jones, 83 William St., East St. Kilda, Vic.

CURRIED VEAL PIES

One pound chopped cooked veal, 1 rasher bacon, 1 small onion, 1 grated apple, 1 dessertspoon sultanas, 1 dessertspoon chutney, seasoning, and lemon juice.

Melt the tablespoon of butter, add meat, minced onion, and sprinkle of flour. Stir over a low heat till browned. Then add all other ingredients with a gill of stock and squeeze of lemon juice, salt, pepper. Fill pastry-cases with meat, placing 2 tablespoons of cooked rice in centre of each pie, with an extra teaspoon of chutney on the rice. Cover and cook till pies are a light brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to L. Howarth, School House, Tempe, N.S.W.

Home-made bread rolls and buns

See opposite page

HOT CROSS BUNS

One pound flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1oz. compressed yeast, 1 pint milk, 2oz. sultanas, 1oz. candied lemon peel, 1oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, a little cinnamon if liked.

Add crumbled yeast to warmed milk with 1 teaspoon of sugar and 1 teaspoon flour and place in warm place for 15 minutes. Sift flour and salt and rub in butter. Add sugar, sultanas, and chopped peel. Add eggs to yeast mixture and mix to soft dough with flour.

Knead, prove for 1 hour in a warm place. Knead lightly again, and shape into about 20 buns. Place on warm greased tray. Mark with cross and stand in a warm place for 15 minutes. Bake in a hot oven (temp. 450 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. While hot, brush with glaze made from 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon sugar, and 1 tablespoon boiling water. Sprinkle if liked with cinnamon.

APPLE YEAST CAKES

One pound flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter, 2oz. yeast, 1 pint milk, 1 egg, 2oz. sugar, 3 cooking apples, cinnamon and brown sugar, 3 tablespoons melted butter.

Add yeast to warmed milk with 1 teaspoon sugar, add beaten egg. Sift flour and salt, rub in butter, and mix to soft dough. Knead well and prove for 1 hour or until its bulk is doubled, then knead lightly again. Shape into 12 to 18 balls and flatten slightly.

Peel, core, and slice apples and press down into overlapping wedges on yeast cakes. Sprinkle with melted butter, cinnamon and brown sugar. Cover with greased paper, and cook in hot oven (temp. 425 deg. F.) for 20 minutes, removing paper after 10 minutes.

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DELIGHT THE FAMILY WITH SNAPPY CREAM ROLLS

4 ozs. COPHA 1 medium teaspoon
6 ozs. Brown Sugar Bicarbonate of Soda
1 tablespoon Honey 3 ozs. Refined Oil
or Golden Syrup 4 ozs. Plain Flour
1 tablespoon Water

Heat the first four ingredients in a saucepan and stir until the Copha melts. Add the bicarbonate of soda and while it is frothing mix in well the teaspoon of mixture on well-greased baking sheet about 2 inches apart, and bake in a medium oven till golden brown. Remove from oven and allow to cool for a few moments only, wooden spoon or something similar. (Be quick or they will be too crisp to eat!) When cold, fill with Copha Mock Cream.

COPHA MOCK CREAM

1 lb. COPHA 1 lb. Fine Icing Sugar
1 Egg 3 tablespoons Milk (warm)

Cream the softened Copha, gradually adding the sugar. When light, beat in the egg and very smooth. Flavour to taste. Do not melt the Copha.

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C.14.17N

HOME-MADE BREAD Rolls and buns . . .

● Bread made at home . . . the very thought conjures up the old-time homely polished kitchen redolent with the early-morning fragrance of fresh baking bread. There's a demand these days for old recipes including those for bread making. For to-day yeast cookery is just as easy as—or easier than—it was for your grandmother.

By MARY FORBES ● Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly



THESE attractive-looking breads, buns, and spiced coffee pinwheels are made with yeast. Yeast cooking is not difficult—it's only a matter of carefully following the correct method. See instructions and recipes below.

THE processes in bread-making are as important as the actual recipe proportions:

YEAST: There are three types—dry, liquid, and compressed. The recipes below are for compressed yeast. One loaf cake of compressed yeast equals 1 cup of liquid yeast. The compressed yeast cake must be fresh, moist, but not sticky, and should break cleanly. The amount of yeast to a given quantity of flour depends on time allowed for rising. These recipes give the quick process bread. If more time is given for rising less yeast is required. The dough must double its bulk and the time this takes depends on quantity and activity of yeast.

Yeast requires warmth, food, and moisture for development. As it multiplies in the dough gas is given off, causing dough to rise.

The warmth required is a blood heat. All utensils and ingredients should be warm (not hot) before use.

FLOUR: The best quality flours should be used. If wholemeal is used it should be lightened by using 1 cup of white flour to 3 cups wholemeal. A much softer dough should also be mixed. Spices, almond meal, potato flour, soya bean flour, rice flour, malt extract, and bran are among the ingredients added to the flour to vary its flavor.

SHORTENING AND EGGS: Doughs containing eggs and shortening require a longer time for rising.

MIXING.—Setting Sponge: The flour is sifted into a warmed basin; a well is made in the centre into which yeast is crumbled. Mix this to a thin consistency with warm liquid and a little sugar and flour. Stand in a warm place for 15 minutes to commence fermentation before further mixing. The mixture becomes "spongy."

PROVING: When mixed knead as required and stand, covered, in a warm place until the dough has doubled its bulk. For home-made bread a convenient method is to

stand the basin over a saucepan of warm water. Do not allow to become hot.

KNEADING: After proving the dough is kneaded slightly and shaped in tin or on tray and placed in warm place for further rising to again double its bulk.

KNEADING: This should be done on a surface lightly sprinkled with warmed flour. Use palm and heel of hand, kneading until dough is light and elastic to touch, and sticks neither to hand nor board. Kneading distributes the yeast, develops the gluten of flour and gives to bread a fine even texture.

BAKING: A hot oven (temp. 450 deg. F.) is essential for the first 10 minutes, and then further cooking (30 to 40 minutes) in a moderate oven (temp. 375 deg. F.). The bread is cooked when its crust is rich brown, it shrinks from side of pan, and gives a hollow sound when tapped.

STANDARD WHITE BREAD

One pound flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1oz. compressed yeast, 1 teaspoon sugar, about 1 pint lukewarm water. Sift flour into a warmed basin. Make depression in centre of flour and crumble in yeast. Sprinkle yeast with sugar and 1 teaspoon of the flour and mix into a batter with 2 tablespoons lukewarm water. Cover and stand in warm place until it rises into a sponge (about 15 minutes). Sprinkle salt on flour and mix flour and yeast sponge to soft dough with lukewarm water. Turn onto warm floured board and knead well until dough is elastic to touch. Replace in clean warm basin, score across top with sharp knife, cover, and place in warm place until dough doubles its bulk; this takes about 40 minutes. Knead slightly again and shape as desired. Place in greased tin and stand again in warm place to prove for 14 to 20 minutes. Cook in a hot oven (temp. 450 deg. F.) for 15 minutes and then reduce heat to moderate (temp. 375 deg. F.) and cook for further 30 to 40 minutes. When cooked and while still hot, glaze top crust lightly with melted butter.

STANDARD ROLL

One pound flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1oz. yeast, 2oz. butter, 1 pint milk, 1 teaspoon sugar.

Set yeast sponge in centre of warm sifted flour by mixing crumbled yeast with sugar and little warmed milk. Melt butter and add to remainder of warmed milk, salt. Mix whole to soft dough. Knead lightly until dough is elastic and leaves hands easily. Cover and set to rise for 2 hours in warm place. Knead lightly and shape as desired into small rolls, crescents, or twists. Place on warm greased tin and prove for about 10 minutes before baking. Glaze with a little warm milk and sugar. Bake in hot oven (temp. 450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes and reduce heat to moderate (temp. 375 deg. F.) and cook further 10 to 15 minutes.

SPICED COFFEE PINWHEELS

One pound plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1oz. compressed yeast, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 pint lukewarm milk, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1-3rd cup butter.

Nut Filling: 1 cup plain flour, 4 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 cup brown sugar, 2oz. butter, 1 cup finely-chopped nuts.

Crumble yeast into lukewarm milk with 1 teaspoon sugar and 1 teaspoon flour and set aside in warm place for 15 minutes. Sift warmed flour and rub in butter and add sugar and salt. Add beaten egg to yeast mixture; mix all ingredients (not filling) to soft dough. Knead well, cover in warm basin and set aside for about 40 minutes to double bulk. Knead again and roll into an oblong shape, about 1-3rd inch thick. Brush with melted butter and cover with nut filling made by rubbing butter into sugar, flour, cinnamon, and nuts. Roll into a long roll and cut into one-inch sections, place on warm greased tray and stand in warm place for 15 minutes. Bake in a hot oven (temp. 450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes and reduce heat to moderate (temp. 350 deg. F.) and cook for further 20 to 30 minutes. While still hot brush with sugar glaze or ice with water icing.

More recipes on opposite page.



Susie's eyes nearly pop out when Mama pours the milk on her Kellogg's Rice Bubbles. Those Rice Bubbles go Snap! Crackle and Pop all over the plate. They seem to say, "Come on Susie, eat us all up."

"Lots more, please, Mummy," says Susie every morning. "I want to hear Snap, Crackle and Pop again!" Mummy smiles because she knows that Kellogg's Rice Bubbles—the breakfast that goes Snap, Crackle and Pop—is piling nourishment and energy value into her little Susie. Easy to digest, too. So if your little Susie won't eat her breakfast, order a packet of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles from your grocer right away.



The Doctor Tells You What to do

PATIENT: Doctor, no matter what I do, I just can't help putting on weight. I am not what you would call a "big eater," and yet I keep getting fatter. What can I do?

Doctor: Most fat people who overeat are loath to believe that they do overeat. The majority of cases of obesity are due to two main causes — overindulgence in starchy and sweet foods and too little exercise.

There are, of course, people whose surplus fat is due to no fault of their own, but to glandular disturbances.

These unfortunates get fat even upon a normal intake of food, and they are the type who are found in sideshows and exhibited as freaks.

The treatment of this type of obesity is a purely medical problem. But for the majority of fat people the remedy is between their own teeth, as you might say. They can control their surplus flesh by attention to their diet and their mode of living.

It is in the interests of health to be reasonably slim.

Up to the age of 30 a moderate degree of overweight helps to protect against such diseases as tuberculosis.

But after 30 every inch added to your waistline is a potential danger to your lifeline.

In older people surplus fat adds to the work which the heart, liver, and kidneys are called upon to do.

It is the fat person who succumbs more easily to heart disease, while obesity is one of the predisposing factors which lead to diabetes.

In any case, while it may or may not be true that the good die young, it is an indisputable fact that the grossly overweight die younger, and so excess fat should be avoided.

But a word of warning is necessary for those who suddenly decide to embark upon a slimming cure.

No cure for obesity, whether it involves violent exercising or dieting or self-medication, should be undertaken without medical supervision.

Exercise is a valuable aid in the treatment of obesity, provided it is used with discretion.

Discretion is necessary because excess fat places a load on the heart and circulatory system, and it may be dangerous to add suddenly to this load by strenuous exercise.

Another disadvantage of additional exercise is that it increases appetite, which leads to overeating. So matters progress in a vicious circle. But exercise, especially gentle exercise such as walking, may be taken in small doses at first and gradually increased.

In this automobile age many people get no regular exercise. Perhaps petrol rationing will do these folk the world of good.

ABOUT OVERWEIGHT



FOR nights and when they have to spend a day in bed, as they did recently with colds, it's boyish pyjamas for the Dionne Quintuplets—not old-fashioned nightgowns. The pyjamas they are wearing here are pink and white. Left to right: Marie, Annette, Emilie, Yvonne, and Cecile.

Results of
authentic
NATIONAL SURVEY
conducted
among thousands
of dentists

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IF YOU want to give your teeth, your gums, your smile daily care with the same dentifrice that so many dentists use personally . . .

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Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance. Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY. . . Regular Size 1/- . . . Super Size 2/-.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Importance of sleep and bed-making

FOR the first months of a baby's existence, his life is mainly lived in his bassinet or cot. The right type of cot and the correct way of tucking baby into it securely and comfortably are, therefore, of great importance.

If the cot is not of a good type—too light and easy to move outside into the sunshine and fresh air, has high, closed-in sides which do not permit free circulation of air round baby, if it is placed in wrong places, if it cramps baby's limbs in any way—it will in some way damage baby's delicate organism.

Postural defects later on are often the physical effects, and restlessness and bad sleeping habits which affect the nervous system are the mental effects of wrong beds and incorrect bed-making.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. Any reader interested may obtain a copy free by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 408WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



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JUST RELAX... for beauty's sake



BUBBLE BATHS bring a feeling of complete relaxation which is marvellously beneficial.

ONE of the curious phenomena of modern life is that the less women have to work the more tired they seem to get.

Pushing buttons, making use of all the miraculous mechanical aids to modern living is easy on the muscles, but apparently it doesn't rest the nerves.

Of course the whole situation is silly. Women ought to be able to relax and enjoy the machinery and button-pushing which are capable of doing so much towards keeping them young and lovely.

But the fact of it is that they are—many of them—tense because they are worried and nervous and fatigued, and it's all very bad for beauty.

Indeed, tenseness is an arch enemy of health and beauty. The best way to banish tenseness is to substitute the opposite condition—a relaxed body and mind.

Relax, say the doctors, if you want to be healthy. Relax, say the beauty specialists, if you want to keep wrinkles at bay.

So it seems to be practically unanimous that we should relax. The only question is how to do it.

LEARN how to relieve that tenseness of mind and body that is so detrimental to health and beauty. Find the method that brings you the best results. It might be a deliciously relaxing bath, a quiet nap, a complete body massage. Or perhaps activity is best for you—tennis, golf, gardening. Or mental fare, such as a good novel. Whatever it is, do it often if you want to keep your good looks.

by
JANETTE



WRAPPED in her prettiest negligee, Kay Francis, RKO star, likes to relax like this on her bed before an evening engagement.

One woman's meat is another's poison when it comes to relaxation. Mrs. A—gets a good rest from a detective story; Mrs. B—lets down at a really romantic movie; Miss C—likes a good gossip over a cup of tea.

On the physical side we have the women who prefer non-exerting things, such as naps, baths, massage or facials. (Like Mrs. D—, who confesses frankly that all she really wants to do is sit, preferably in a deck chair, and let time go by.)

And we also have those who feel that nothing but hard exercise will do the trick—the gardeners, the golfers, the tennis players and the benders and stretchers. (Like Mrs. S—, who, "dead on her feet," can still dance.)

To you, relaxation may come in

any of these ways, provided you are able to achieve the proper balance of mind and muscle which relieves tenseness.

A nap, for example, is useful only when the mind is convinced that nothing is so important as just flopping down, comfortably and letting the world go hang.

And even that pampered and glorified long-term nap, the day in bed, is of no use unless you can make up your mind to rest—and convince the household that you mean it.

The really relaxing bath is a leisurely warm one with lots of soap and fragrant bath-salts and no hard rubbing.

In fact, few women know how to get the most out of bathing. To most it is something essential for the sake of cleanliness only, to be got over with as quickly as possible.

But the wise woman baths not only to be fastidious, but also because bathing is a pleasure that benefits mind as well as body. Bathing is a luxurious event well worth looking forward to.

Then there are special beautifying baths, such as the "bubble bath." This is more than just a luxury bath—it is a beauty treatment, a body-cleanser, and an invigorator of the entire body.

Body massage

THE relaxing body massage which you take in a salon where they give you plenty of time to rest afterwards is also splendid for tenseness.

If you can't afford body massage or do not find it possible in your town, you'll get excellent results from a really good scalp treatment which brings the blood to the top of your head and relieves that back-of-the-neck tension.

It has always seemed to me that a good facial is one of the most elegant ways to woo relaxation because it combines a soothing effect on the muscles with a real aesthetic satisfaction.

Stretched out in a deep comfortable chair under soft lights and a rose-colored blanket, lulled by sweet perfumes and refreshed by a succession of lovely creams and liquids, if you can't feel pampered, an ermine coat and rajas's rubles would never do you any good!

Often you can recapture much the same illusion at home. On a leisurely Sunday morning, perhaps, or in that precious half-hour between a hard day and an exciting evening.

Reduced to its simplest form, a facial may consist merely of cream smoothed over the face and neck, massaged in with deft upward movements, left on as long as possible,

and then wiped off and followed by a brisk spray of skin tonic.

Another time-saving beautifier is a stimulating face mask which acts much like hard exercise or a cold shower to a dull fatigued skin. Brings up the blood to the surface and puts the face in a pretty glow.

If you exercise for relaxation the same conditions hold as for any

other relaxing method. You must enjoy it to have it do you any good.

If gardening is a chore it will tire you out of all proportion to the exertion you expend on it.

If you golf because you think you should, your game may improve but you won't get a lift out of it.

Some people can't do formal exercises with any benefit at all; they go all tense and peevish over them.

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Fresh, tingling with health... how young and clean your mouth will feel when TEK's amazing long-life bristles go to work on your teeth and gums. Cleaning action that outlasts four ordinary brushes. Illustrated (right) the new TEK after 4 times more wear than the ordinary brush at left.

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19

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They all bear the name everybody knows... Hotpoint

You Can Make These . . .

YOU'D never guess that the base of the attractive reading-lamp shown at right was moulded in a pudding basin.

This one is left white, but you could go further and decorate the base of your lamp with colored cut-outs—floral designs from wallpaper—or even try your hand at painting some designs.

The shade, made of oil-baize glued to cardboard, is designed to throw down a good illumination for reading, allowing none to escape through the top or sides.

But if you prefer a shade of the semi-transparent type so that it will throw a soft glow into the room, then you could either make or buy an ordinary parchment shade and attach to the light-holder.

The waste-paper tub is a useful article that could be used in kitchen, lounge or bedroom. You might prefer to make it in a color to suit your room instead of the spotted design shown here.

To make the reading-lamp you will need:

How to make

READING-LAMP.—To make this you will need 1½ lb. plaster-of-paris and a large pudding basin; 1 ft. of 1 in. rubber tubing; some plasticine; electric fittings (a hanging lamp-holder, point plug and flex); a 9 in. square of felt; 4 pieces white cardboard 9 in. by 7 in. and one 3 in. square; 1 yd. spotted oil-baize and 1 yd. white; some gummed paper tape and liquid glue.

To make the base grease the inside of the pudding basin with petroleum jelly, close one end of the rubber tube with plasticine and stick it to the exact centre of the inside of the pudding basin.

Half fill a pint basin with cold water and sift the plaster-of-paris into the water until the plaster just emerges from the water. Stir briskly with a wooden spoon right to the bottom of the basin till it begins to thicken. Pour it quickly into the greased pudding basin.

When the plaster has set, bend the rubber tube to one side and cut it so that it fits the side of the basin. Then close the end with plasticine and stick it to the side of the basin. Mix some more plaster and continue to fill the pudding basin.

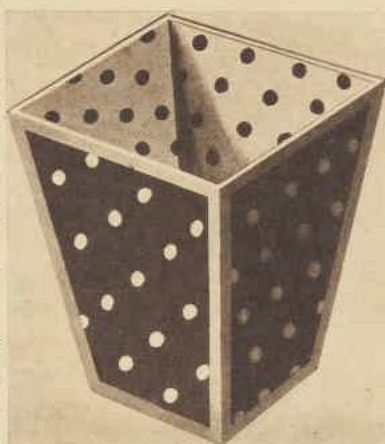
When the plaster has set place a board over the basin and turn out the plaster pudding. Keep it in a warm, dry place so that the mixture can evaporate, then glue the felt to the base.

Coax the plasticine out of both ends of the rubber tube, then pull the tube itself out. Slip the flex through the channel, fasten the lamp-holder to the flex, spread a little glue at the top and twist the base of the lamp-holder into the opening.

Mix a little more plaster, pull the

READING-LAMP with base made of plaster-of-paris and shade made of colored oil-baize. And a waste-paper tub, also made of colored oil-baize. Complete instructions for making both articles are given below.

BY OUR HOME DECORATOR



TUB for waste paper, made of colored oil-baize and bound with white. Instructions for making given below.



THE BASE of this lamp is made with plaster-of-paris moulded in a pudding basin, and the shade is made with oil-baize.

flex tightly through the side opening and pour some plaster into this. Smooth the sides with a knife.

Dissolve a squeeze of liquid glue in a few drops of water, mix with a little plaster and spread round the base of the lamp-holder with a knife.

To make the shade find the exact centre of one 9 in. side of one piece of card and from this point mark off 1½ in. each side. Draw a line from these points to the corners of the opposite 9 in. side. Cut along these lines. This gives you the shape of one side of the lampshade.

Cut three more exactly similar. In the 3 in. square cut out a circle 1½ in. across.

Cut the same shapes in the patterned oil-baize, allowing ½ in. each side for seams on two of the pieces. Join the four pieces with gummed tape and also the square to the top.

Spread the sides of the shade with glue, and first stick down at two opposite sides the pieces with seam allowances. Stick the seams well down over the edges. Stick on the other two sides and the top.

Cut some 1 in. strips of the white oil-baize, crease a fold down the centre, then cut into lengths to bind the top and bottom edges.

Slip the shade over the shade-

holder and screw the top of the holder over it. Then screw down the ring of the lamp-holder.

This shade reflects all light downwards. If you prefer a semi-transparent shade to throw a soft light into the room, obtain an ordinary parchment shade and attach to the plaster-of-paris base.

Decorate the base, if liked, with flowers cut from wallpaper or paint with water colors.

FOR WASTE-PAPER TUB: Lay colored oil-baize in a reverse spot design in used to make this useful tub. You will need 1 yd. each of the two colors, also four pieces of strong cardboard 11 in. by 12 in., and a 7 in. square, some gummed paper tape, paste and liquid glue.

Cut the four pieces of cardboard into rectangles measuring 11 in. at the top and 7 in. at the base. Each side will measure 12 in. Join two of these together down the side with gummed tape, bending them at right angles. Join the other two pieces in the same way, and the square is joined to the base of one side.

To cut material

Using the first joined piece as a pattern, cut the material. Cut one piece, allowing ½ in. for seams at each side and 1 in. at the base. Cut a second piece, allowing the 1 in. at the base only.

Now cut a piece of the lining, allowing ½ in. for seams all round, and a second piece, allowing ½ in. extra only at top and base. Cut a 7 in. square in the lining and 1 in. strips for binding the corners and edges.

Now join the two halves down one side, leaving the fourth side open. Spread the two central pieces with paste and stick over them the material cut with extra side seams.

Rub it down well with a damp cloth until quite smooth.

Bend up the corner fold at right angles.

Paste the larger lining piece over the inside. Leave to dry, with one side under heavy books and the other side against a wall.

When dry, join the open sides with gummed tape and also the squares to the base of the other three sides.

Cover the remaining sides with fabric both outside and inside, using paste on the cardboard and liquid glue over the seams. Leave to dry as before.

Cut the corners of the material sticking up beyond the cardboard and paste down neatly. Glue in the lining square to the base.

Bind the four side seams and the top with lining strips.

For the Easter Bride--

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Complete your trousseau WITH KAYSER

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MENU No. 1**

Soup
Kraft Spaghetti Ring
Carrots Peas Brown Sauce
Canned Stuffed Apples

There's an appetising new Economy Budget Menu for you! One which will help your budget **STRETCH**. And here's how you make

**Kraft Spaghetti Ring
with Vegetable Filling.**

4oz. Kraft Cheese; 4oz. spaghetti; 1 egg; 1 onion; 1 teaspoon butter; 2 teaspoons mustard; 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce; salt, cayenne pepper; 2 tablespoons brown breadcrumbs; 1 cup cooked peas; 1½ cups cooked carrot balls or diced carrots; 1 pint sharp brown sauce.

Cook the spaghetti for 20 minutes in fast boiling salted water and drain well. Fry the chopped onion in butter and add to the spaghetti. Add the beaten egg, mustard, Worcestershire sauce, salt and cayenne to the spaghetti. Add the shredded cheese and turn into a ring tin or mould thickly with well greased and sprinkled with brown crumbs. Sprinkle crumbs on top and cook in a hot oven 425 degrees F. for 10-15 minutes. Unmould and serve hot with carrot balls (or diced carrots). Accompany with sharp brown sauce. Serves 4.

25 FREE! Do you know of a tasty, economical dish you make with Kraft Cheddar Cheese? It doesn't have to be an "all cheese" dish. Recipes like the Kraft Spaghetti Ring above will win you 25¢. Your dish must serve four or more persons for 25¢ or less per person. Send your entry to address shown in coupon.

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